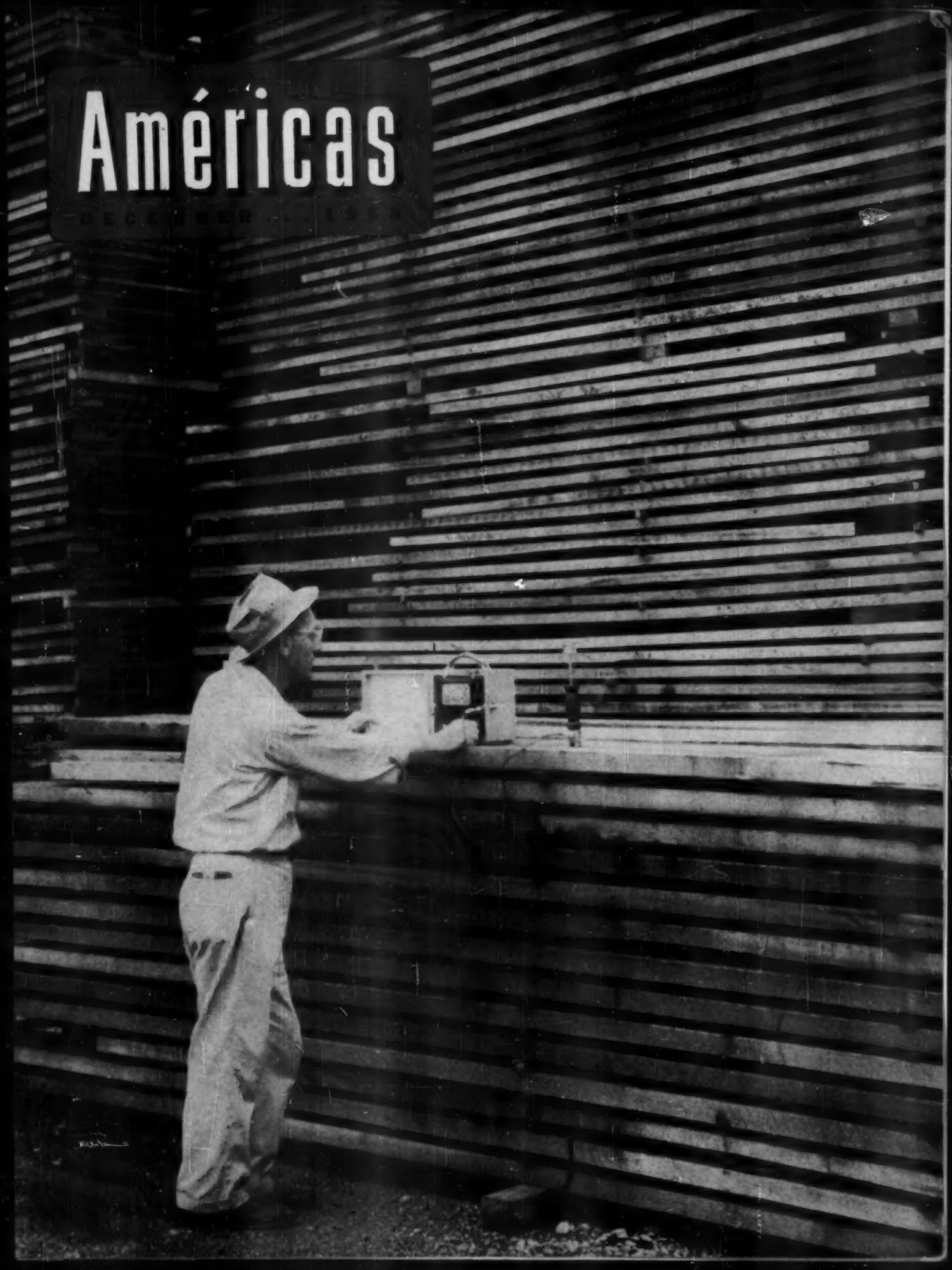
Américas

DECEMBER 1954



Américas

Volume 10, Number 12, December 1958

published in English, Spanish, and Portuguese

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Published by

Pan American Union, General Secretariat of the Organization of American States. Washington 6, D.C., U.S.A.
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Testing moisture content of mahogany in Managua lumberyard (see page 29). Photograph by Kurt Severin

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Opposite: Magic figure, an example of modern Guaraní wood carving. In Ethnographic Museum of Asunción, Paraguay

MEMO FROM THE EDITORS

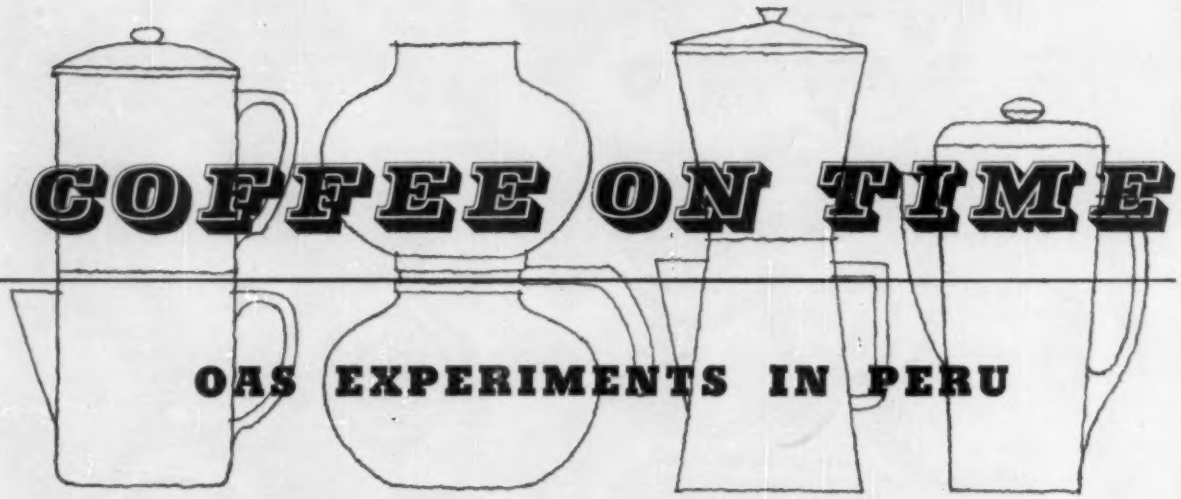
● From time to time some of our Latin American readers have complained that AMÉRICAS gives disproportionate space to "the Indian question." Our reason is that we consider the Indian of fundamental importance not only to America but to the rest of the world. Natalicio González of Paraguay, one of the leading writers of the Hemisphere, explains what we have in mind by delineating an often overlooked role of the Indian in "The Spell of America" on page 9. This article is an adaptation of a chapter from a forthcoming book.

● Two Brazilians are worth looking for in this issue. One, dealt with in the lead article beginning on page 2, "Coffee on Time," is a Portuguese-speaking scientist working in a Spanish-speaking country for the OAS. While it is too soon to predict the outcome of his experiments, the significant thing about them at this juncture is the very fact that through him an international organization is searching for a scientific way to improve the harvesting of a basic product grown by fifteen member countries.

● The other Brazilian is a woman who is gaining fame as an Argentine novelist. Carmen da Silva, as AMÉRICAS' Buenos Aires literary correspondent, Bernardo Verbitsky, points out in the book section, writes in Spanish with such consummate skill that even the Argentines refused to believe she had lived there only eight years when she produced the book. Which proves a pet theory of ours, viz.: The reason the Brazilians are the best linguists in the Hemisphere is that since their own language appears to be too tough for anyone else to learn, they themselves are resigned to mastering the languages of other countries.

● The germ of the idea for the article on model railroading was transmitted during a luncheon conversation with a Pan American Union specialist in the compilation of foreign-trade statistics, Douglas H. Parks. His enthusiasm for small trains was so contagious that now the author, AMÉRICAS Assistant Editor Elizabeth B. Kilmer, has caught "Railroad Fever." Ralph Robinson, one of our ablest and favorite illustrators, was already down with it. The results of their efforts are apparent on pages 25 through 28.

● Two articles this month are concerned with revisits. One is by Associate Editor Adolfo Solórzano Díaz about his tome town. A Nicaraguan by birth, he goes back to Managua periodically to check up on it. His impressions begin on page 29. Canadian-born Robert I. Bowman made his first expedition to Ecuador's Galápagos Islands in 1952-53 under the sponsorship of the University of California. He spent six months there studying the natural history of the famous Galápagos finches ("Darwin's finches"). The results will appear next year in a book published by the University of California Press. His experiences with the UNESCO expedition last year to these "Treasure Islands of Science" are recorded on page 18 and following.



COFFEE ON TIME

OAS EXPERIMENTS IN PERU

SEBASTIÁN SALAZAR BONDY

IN THE EXPERIMENTAL FIELDS of the La Molina National Agriculture School, on the outskirts of Lima, a robust man of about forty bends over a cluster of coffee blossoms. If you ask him what he is up to, he replies, in a deliberate voice softened by a Brazilian accent, "I am trying to springify the plants." The results Paulo Alvim has achieved in his three years at La Molina are attracting the attention of botanists and agriculturists all over America. What he means by his mysterious phrase is that he is working on one of the most difficult and complex problems of coffee-growing.

The plant from which the sociable beverage comes is cultivated in regions of equable climate. Without seasons to regulate the appearance of its blossoms and subsequently its fruits, this occurs haphazardly. As a result there must generally be several pickings a year—up to fifteen in certain parts of Colombia and Costa Rica, for example. These operations add as much as 50 per cent to the cost of production. In Brazil, the quality of the product—and hence the price in world markets—is adversely affected by a labor shortage in some regions that allows each plantation only one harvest a year. At this rate, the cherries picked cannot be uniformly ripe, and on uniformity depends quality.

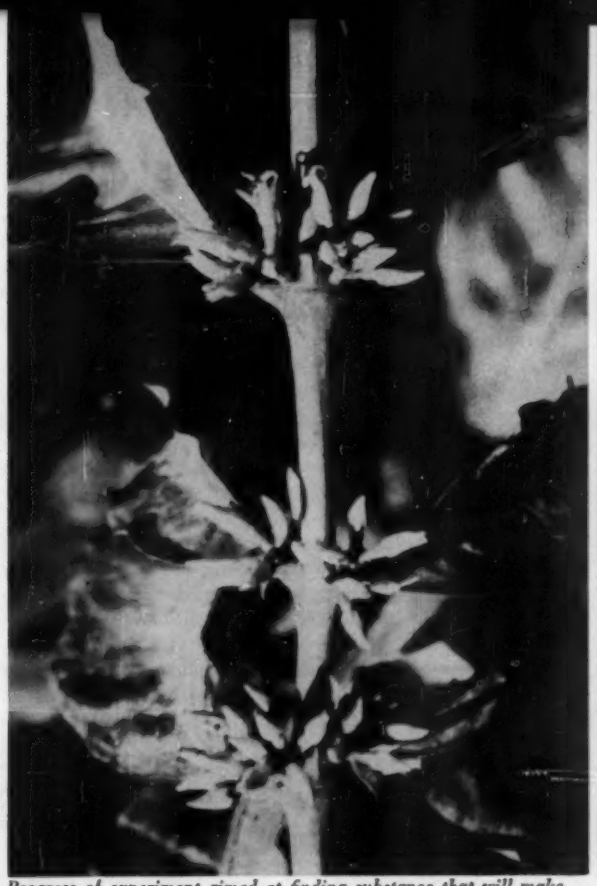
Studies in the physiology of coffee have demonstrated that budding is encouraged by short days and inhibited by long days. Abundant moisture and low temperatures also stimulate flowering. Apparently some chemical or hormonal mechanism is involved: the proper moisture and temperature make possible the synthesis or liberation of an active chemical principle that promotes the opening of the buds. In the absence, then, of a climate that will permit the plant to manufacture this hormone for itself, man must supply the vital element. Since 1948, Paulo Alvim has devoted himself to trying to find it, and only now are his efforts being crowned with success.

Alvim was born in 1919 in Ubá, in the State of Minas Gerais. He studied agronomy at the Viçosa Agriculture School and took his Ph.D. at Cornell. Interested from an early age in solving the problems of the physiology of coffee, he carried out his first experiments while serving as an instructor at the Rural University of Minas Gerais. In his own country and later in Costa Rica, where he went under contract to the OAS Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences at Turrialba, he sought patiently but futilely for the substance, applying to the plants indolacetic, indobutyric, and naphthalenoacetic acids and other synthetic hormones. In 1956 he was transferred to Peru, the Andean regional headquarters of OAS Technical Cooperation Project 39 (improvement of agriculture and rural life). Here he has fitted his quest into the intervals of his work in agricultural orientation and plant-physiology research.

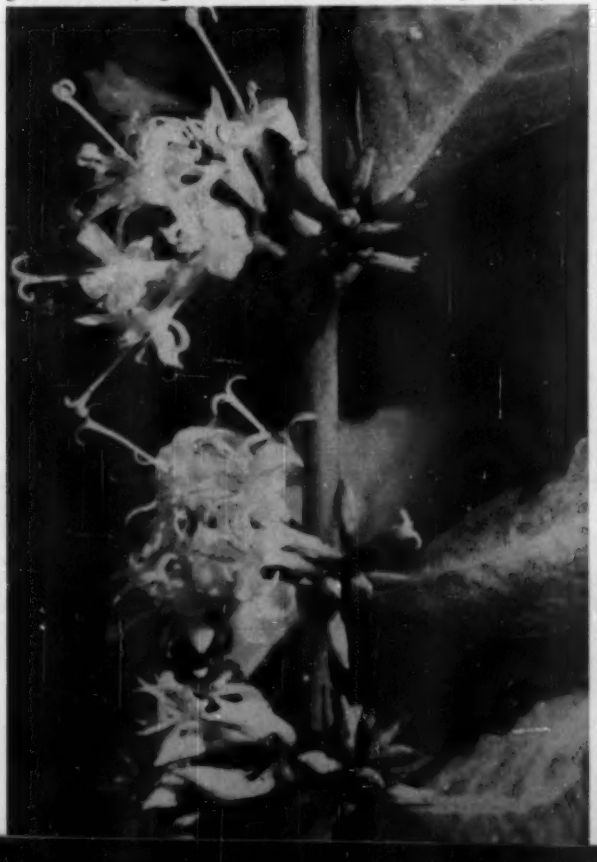
It was in Peru that he began to apply gibberellic acid. At last he could exclaim "Eureka!" This substance, extracted from the fungus *Gibberella fukikuroi*, was discovered about thirty years ago by Japanese botanists. It is an extraordinarily effective stimulant to plant growth, and has been employed to hasten the sprouting of potatoes. No one had ever tried it on coffee before.

The experiments were carried out on a small plot at

SEBASTIÁN SALAZAR BONDY *is on the staff of the Lima daily* La Prensa. *He is also a playwright who has twice won the Peruvian National Drama Prize.*



Progress of experiment aimed at finding substance that will make coffee trees blossom, and therefore bear fruit, uniformly. Above, left: Left side of branch with closed buds was sprayed with gibberellic acid, right side with water alone. Above, right: By fifth day, buds on treated side are beginning to open. Below, left: After ten days, they are in full bloom, while untreated buds are still shut tight. Below, right: Three months later, treated side produces four to seven times as many cherries as untreated side



La Molina. In this region, coffee blossoms even more irregularly than usual, because there is practically no rainfall and agriculture depends on irrigation. First Alvim sprayed some branches of coffee, which had well-developed buds, with an aqueous solution of gibberellic acid (fifty milligrams to the liter), using a potassium salt distributed by Merck and Company under the trade name Gibrel. Other branches of the same plants were merely moistened with water, to serve as controls. Ten days later, the acid-sprayed branches were in full bloom, while the others still had their buds closed. Another comparative study, using control branches that had been soaked in water for one hour, also provided an overwhelming demonstration of the efficacy of the new method. Three months after the start of the experiment, a count was made of the fruits that had formed on the variously treated branches. Depending on the concentration of the spray, those branches treated with gibberellin had from four to seven times as many cherries as the controls.

Paulo Alvim, Brazilian plant physiologist experimenting with coffee at OAS *station in Peru*

Moreover, Alvim's exceptional cherries were perfectly normal in appearance.

The conclusion was therefore final: the coffee plant does not flower as a result of the physical phenomenon of water absorption, and water deficiency is not the reason for its usual sluggishness. But Alvim's experiments provide evidence that gibberellic acid or some substance related to it occurs naturally in the plant.

To identify this substance is his next step. He considers it probable that its production or liberation, possibly through changes in the plant's respiratory mechanism, is what regulates flowering. At present his efforts are devoted to proving or correcting this theory. His attitude toward his latest results is cautious but optimistic.

The practical advantages of his discovery are obvious —not merely fewer harvests but an increase in production that would revolutionize the industry. To be sure, the method needs further testing, in other regions, with different varieties of coffee (Alvim is using a variety of *arabica*, the original and most common species), and under diverse climatic conditions. Current experimentation with it in Costa Rica, for example, has been providing less conclusive results. Moreover, the present price of gibberellin—four to five dollars a gram—prohibits any immediate economic benefits from it. (Alvim estimates that the cost at which its use would become practical would be about a dollar, which would average out to a cent and a half per pound of coffee berries harvested.)

It can now be appreciated why Alvim sums up his work as "springifying." In tropical America there are no seasons and no conspicuous variations of climate. This situation affects agriculture in general much as it does the coffee plant. It cannot be modified from without: man cannot create spring, summer, autumn, and winter at will, cannot moderate the rains, disperse the snows, exorcise droughts, or stop the sun in its passage. But he *can* supply nature with whatever the weather fails to provide. What Paulo Alvim is doing with coffee in the absence of real spring can be done with other tropical crops.

Alvim lives with his wife and four children in Chaclacayo, a sunny village near Lima, and comes to the city every day for his lectures and research. As a good Brazilian, he is a soccer enthusiast, proud of the world's championship recently won by his country's team in Sweden. He is also an eager amateur photographer and took his own photographs of his experiments, some of which illustrate this article. But actually, to this serene and jovial man his profession is everything.

"America cannot advance unless it modernizes its backward agriculture," he says with conviction. "In large areas it occupies too many people and produces too little." He explains: "Highly developed agriculture promotes industrialization—the two are complementary. And the progress of the Hemisphere depends on industrialization." Hence the significance he accords Project 39.

On the side, at his own suggestion, Alvim is carrying on an experiment for the Peruvian Government that concerns the application of growth-inhibiting hormones to two hundred tons of potatoes stored in Huancayo and Puno. Such treatment will make it possible to prevent sprouting and keep this basic foodstuff in storage for six or seven months, avoiding waste and consequent price fluctuations.

Alvim is also experimenting with water-resources management, which he calls his "hobby." The desert coast of Peru is a favorable environment for the purpose. "Here I have a natural laboratory," he declares. "And in this climate I can also perform my experiments in plant physiology without resorting to hothouses, as I would have to in a more rigorous climate." He has invented a practical method to determine when plants need irrigation. Concentrating on the plants themselves rather than on the soil, he applied a mixture of oil and kerosene to their leaves and found that the stomata begin to shrink long before the degree of moisture drops to the danger point. Thus a simple solution replaces costly irrometers.

If our world is to become the Eden it was intended to be, we need men like Paulo Alvim by the hundreds. Despite his aspect of a philosophical farmhand, he is really —like all creators—a poet.

HOUSING

and then some

MEXICO BUILDS A COMMUNITY

SAMUEL KAPLAN

IF YOU DRIVE SOUTHWEST for ten minutes from the entrance to Chapultepec Park in Mexico City, you will come upon a public housing development that is unmatched in the Americas. Here, in the section known as Lomas de Santa Fé, stands the first Housing and Social-service Unit of the Mexican Social Security Institute. Built at a cost of sixty-two million pesos (just under five million dollars), it shelters about twelve thousand people in its twenty-two hundred units.

Many of the same principles of a self-sufficient community were followed on a smaller scale in the Lima, Peru, Neighborhood Unit No. 3 (described in AMÉRICAS, November 1950). But Santa Fé offers even more than housing, recreation, schools, and shopping centers. Built into the community is an integrated program of medical, cultural, and welfare services.

To qualify as tenants, workers must be covered by the Social Security system and must be employed within a specified area, which includes the Tacubaya, Mixcoac, and Villa Obregón sections. The latter provision is intended to keep the time and cost of travel to the job at a minimum. Applicants must also meet certain requirements regarding income (for example, not more than 25 per cent may go for rent), family composition, and need for housing. The rents—from 100 to 250 pesos ($8 to $20)

When SAMUEL KAPLAN *retired from the advertising business in 1946, reports of Mexico City's delightful climate lured him there, and he has done free-lance articles from that base ever since. His book* Combatimos la Tiranía *is being published under the auspices of the National Institute of Historical Studies of the Revolution.*

One of twenty-three apartment houses in three different models. Unique planned community built by Mexican Social Security Institute provides 932 airy, neat, inexpensive apartments

With open spaces and flashing fountain in Plaza of Heroes, Santa Fé is far cry from crowded tenements

a month, including gas for cooking—are well below those for comparable private housing. Even so, they are considered sufficient to amortize the construction cost with 5-per-cent interest in fifty years, within the useful life of the buildings.

How much the city needed this bold attack on the housing problem is explained by Julián Díaz Arias, head of the construction department of the Social Security Institute: "Some 1,857,000 people—that is, 44.2 per cent of the population of the Federal District—lived in dwelling units that failed to meet the minimum requirements not only for comfort but for health. That was a very unfavorable environment in general, but particularly for raising children. In designing the Santa Fé unit, we kept the children constantly in mind. They can take advantage of fresh air and sunshine in open spaces covering twenty-five acres, with plenty of playgrounds equipped with swings, slides, see-saws, and so on, beyond the reach of motor traffic. And they need not fear that the schools or kindergartens will turn them away for lack of space."

Altogether, the new town, which was formally inaugurated on July 15, 1957, three years after construction began and one year after it greeted its first tenant, occupies sixty-six previously undeveloped acres. Its layout assures pedestrian safety and enjoyment: main roads are limited to the perimeter, and cobblestone paving on the

Setting enhances one-family houses that give low-income workers chance to enjoy a home of their own at modest rent

secondary roads automatically warns the driver to take it easy. Its twenty-three apartment buildings, in three basic patterns, have one- and some two-bedroom units, and up to four bedrooms are available in the 1,268 individual houses. All are built to last, and are in sharp contrast to the shacks or shabby tenements their tenants used to call home. The walls are concrete and attractively painted, the window frames metal, the doors double-lined with metal, the bathroom pipes copper, the floors handsomely tiled in solid colors, the kitchens and baths half-tiled.

Within a few steps of their homes, housewives have a supermarket and a variety of retail shops in the three commercial zones, where they also benefit financially from low store rents and controlled prices.

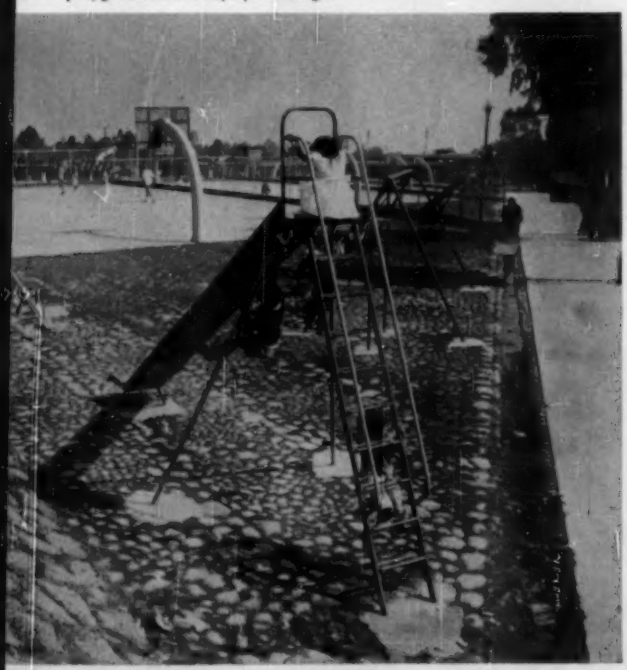
The active Social Center has an auditorium for movies, plays, and lectures; a gymnasium; and—most popular of all—an area known as the casino. Here light refreshments are sold (liquor is prohibited) and one may relax with friends, play ping-pong or chess, patronize the reading room or circulating library, or watch TV. On the mezzanine various classes for women and girls are held: dress-making, cooking, first aid, toy-making, interior decorating, choral singing, folk dancing. Here, too, are youth clubs and a supervised study hall.

The young adults and a surprising number of older ones get plenty of exercise both in the gym and on five sports fields designed for basketball, soccer, and volley ball. In addition there is a large field near by where young and old indulge the Mexican passion for baseball.

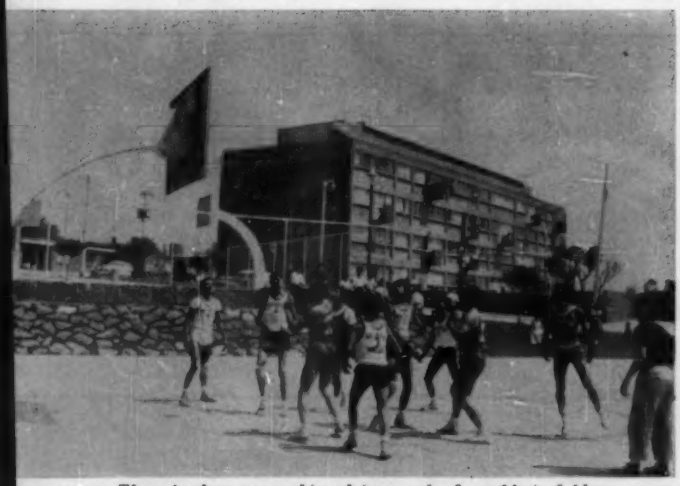
Two kindergartens take care of two hundred three- to five-year-olds, who can wade in the long, sparkling pool in the garden. A day nursery can look after ninety infants whose mothers work. A pediatrician, nurses, and maids are in daily attendance to serve both nursery and kindergartens. Six- to twelve-year-olds—twenty-five hundred of them—attend primary school in morning and afternoon sessions. Under the Social Security system, the workman and his dependents receive free medical care, including treatment by specialists. There are X-ray and

Schoolrooms, well lighted and within easy walking distance for children, are planned to meet population requirements

Community was designed with children in mind. Numerous playgrounds are safe from traffic



Supermarkets and shops are conveniently located in three commercial zones. All necessities are available within the unit



There is always something doing on the five athletic fields with courts for volleyball, basketball, and soccer

"Casino"—combined lounge, game room, and snack bar—is most popular feature of social center

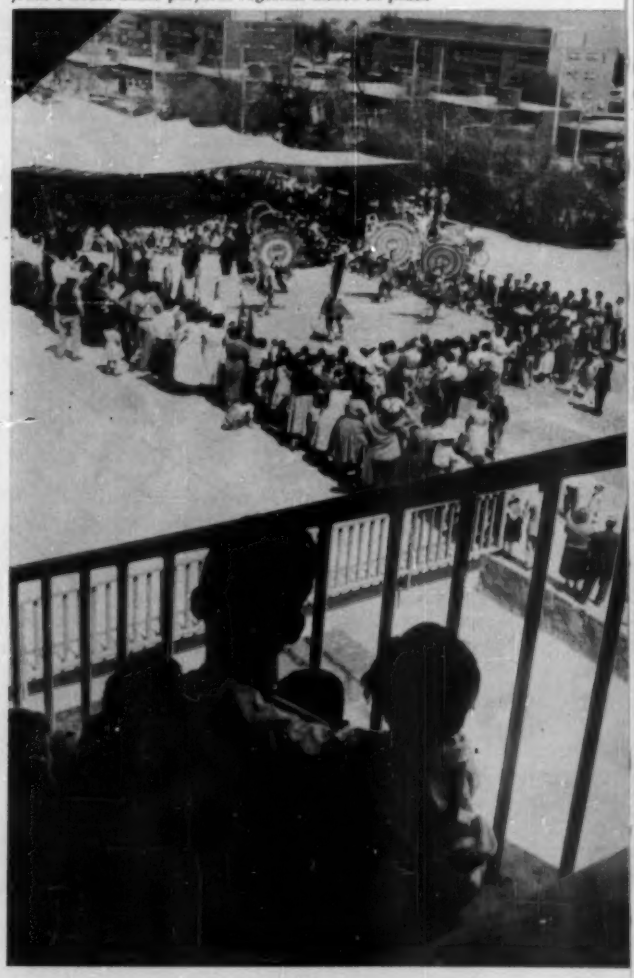
Comic moment on stage of Social Center. Auditorium also offers movies and—a new topic for tenants—lectures on first aid

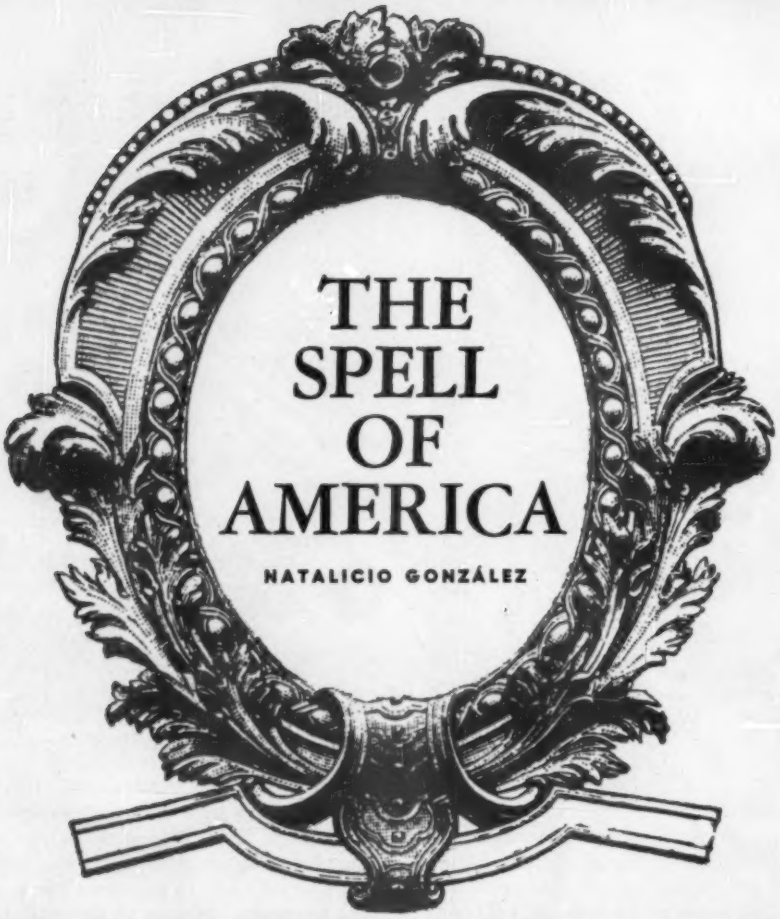
clinical laboratories and a pharmacy on the grounds. Patients requiring hospitalization, including maternity cases, are sent to hospitals maintained by the Social Security Institute.

"We believe," declares Santa Fé administrative director Ángel Cifuentes, "that this kind of community marks an important step in public housing. I think that the attraction Santa Fé exercises over all who visit it lies in its harmonious arrangement—harmony in the physical and functional features and harmony that is reflected in the faces of the inhabitants. Here there is no land speculation; there is no crowding of families into unhealthful and ugly rooms, which leads to moral weakness and even to crime. The low-income families who come here from old neighborhoods are as delighted as children at their first contact with art, music, and literature." The public's enthusiasm is clearly shown by the ten thousand names on the waiting list.

When the project was dedicated, President Adolfo Ruiz Cortines expressed the determination of the Government and the Social Security Institute that such housing and social-service units should multiply not only in the capital but all over the country. ◆

Cultural programs lend variety to life in new community: Indians from Puebla State perform regional dance in plaza





THE SPELL OF AMERICA

NATALICIO GONZÁLEZ

HOW IT INFLUENCED EUROPEAN THOUGHT

RENAISSANCE EUROPE inherited from the classics the cult of the simple, agrarian life. Harking back to the rural paradise that Horace evoked so beautifully when he repudiated civil strife in his sixteenth Epode, its poets and thinkers located their ideal society in the Fortunate Islands, where nature offers man all he needs for subsistence and happiness with little effort. "Already a second generation is being ground to pieces by civil wars," Horace had warned, "and Rome through her own strength is tottering." But he offered an alternative to bloody, impoverishing war:

> Let us seek the Fields, the Happy Fields, and the Islands of the Blest, where every year the land, unplowed, yields corn, and ever blooms the vine unpruned, and buds the shoot of the never-failing olive. . . . There the goats come unbidden to the milking-pail, and the willing flock brings swelling udders home; nor does the bear at eventide growl round the sheepfold, nor the ground swell high with vipers. . . . Rainy Eurus does not deluge the cornland with his showers; and . . . the fertile seeds are not burnt up in the hard-baked clods, since the king of the gods tempers both heat and cold. . . . No murrain blights the flock, no planet's blazing fury scorches the herd. Jupiter set apart these shores for a righteous folk, ever since with bronze he dimmed the luster of the Golden Age. With bronze and then with iron, did he harden the ages, from which a happy escape is offered the righteous, if my prophecy be heeded.

Before the astonished eyes of Europe there appeared a New World living in Horace's golden age, with no admixture of bronze to taint its days or iron to aggravate its disagreements. The letters of Amerigo Vespucci paint a picture of people leading an idyllic life in a gentle and brotherly society, with a set of values completely different from those prevailing in Renaissance Europe. By 1508, the influence of Horace and Vespucci had come together; in Erasmus' *In Praise of Folly*, they created the first contrasting of harsh actuality with the still-hazy ideal that was beginning to be sketched in the blue distance. The pleasant legend of the "good savage" came into being; and the site of the social reformers' perfect republic, at first placed in the vaguely located Fortunate Islands, was shortly transferred to the mysterious continent that was beginning to bewitch European minds.

A friend of Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, published his *Utopia* in 1516 and, under the influence of Vespucci's narratives, placed "the best of the Republics" on a happy island that rises in the South Atlantic in the form

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NATALICIO GONZÁLEZ, *a leading Paraguayan scholar, is now his country's ambassador to Mexico.* *The English version of Horace is by C. E. Bennett from the Loeb Translations.*

Simple agrarian society of American Indians fascinated European thinkers and reformers

of a half moon. *Utopia* is a biting criticism—sometimes direct, sometimes concealed in descriptions of the perfect republic's imaginary features or insinuated through malicious parables—of the European social system. Many elements of the communal society it advocates are obviously taken from Guaraní customs, as reported by Lery, Thevet, and other chroniclers. It draws on them when it speaks of the customs arising out of the breast-feeding of the children, when it defines virtue as the ability to live according to nature, or when it rejects the European theory of values in favor of the disdain for gold that Vespucci had already described as a characteristic of the Brazilian Indians. The rural family of *Utopia* is a typical Guaraní family: a nucleus of some fifty individuals, under the authority of the old men and the fathers. The members of the group cultivate the land, spin, weave, and learn various skills. When the prolific mothers overpopulate the family area, new nuclei are formed. It is the world of America that *Utopia* reflects when it stresses the benefits of simple customs and establishes the rules for work, the standards of government, the religious practices, and other characteristics of the perfect Republic.

Before long, the ideological import from America began to be exported back to it, rationally organized—an element at once disturbing and progressive in the history of America. A Guaraní Indian, the powerful chief of an Amazonian tribe, on noticing that the Europeans were carrying away raw material and returning it in the form of manufactured articles, told Father Yves d'Évreux: "... when you bring us red, yellow, or blue coats, you are simply selling us what grows in our own country." Similarly with ideas. Thus all the parts of More's *Utopia* that were drawn from America made a reverse voyage and were newly acclimated in their land of origin, thanks to a priest enchanted by Mexico. Vasco de Quiroga found it possible to give real embodiment to the perfection envisioned by the famous Chancellor of Henry VIII and "raise Indian life to standards of virtue and humanity superior to those of Europe." Silvio Zavala writes, "Quiroga tenaciously pursues the ideal of a society better than those that existed. So when he read *Utopia* he felt that providence had given him the solution, and that the laws conceived by More were the most appropriate for the peoples of the New World. He did

Desiderius Erasmus. Author sees influence of reports from New World in his work In Praise of Folly

Sir Thomas More. Family and social organization pictured in his Utopia *reflect life of the Guaraní Indians*

not merely acknowledge their idealistic merits; he tried vigorously to put them into practice." In 1531 Vasco de Quiroga established, out of his own pocket, the hospital-town of Santa Fe, to whose government he applied ordinances copied from More's ideas. Quiroga said it was More's intention to prove why such a Republic was necessary among people like the natives of the New World, and declared that More, without having seen them, described them almost exactly. Quiroga insisted that his adherence to *Utopia* was born of the necessity that laws and ordinances "be adapted to the quality, manner, and condition of the land and its inhabitants." And, in a manner reminiscent of Horace, he wrote:

It is not in vain but with much cause and reason that it is called New World, for it is a New World, not because it is newly discovered but because, in its peoples and in almost everything, it is like the world of the first age of gold, which, through our malice and the great greed of our nation, has become one of iron and worse. Therefore we cannot make our things conform with theirs nor adapt our style of laws and government to them.

The ideals of the new society, worked out with Indian elements of the New World, contained considerable explosive power under their surface aspect of a play of fancy. When *Utopia* was reprinted in France with subversive aims in 1789, it contributed to the outbreak of revolution and, along with other ideological currents similarly American in origin, inspired the formula that came to sum up the nineteenth-century ideal of life: liberty, equality, fraternity.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau is another archetype of the European bewitched by the American utopia. He had a creative imagination that was forever reacting against his environment. His sensitivity could be deeply wounded by contact with his fellows. He had the acquired notion that man is bad, but this was at war with his inner conviction that, despite all, man must necessarily be good. The chroniclers who idealized Indian America provided a solution to this conflict, and Rousseau used many living elements of the new Indies in working out his ideas. The evilness of European man is the product of society; natural man is profoundly good. The problem Europe faces will not be solved except by a return to nature. The pedagogy of *Émile* is that of the Guaraní father, as presented by the French missionaries and chroniclers of the sixteenth century, who were in contact with various tribes of that great American race both in the Guianas and in Brazil. "I see," said Rousseau, summing up the essence of his educational ideas in a formula, "that for work to be done with pleasure it is necessary to act freely, without pressure; and, on the contrary, making its performance a duty is enough to totally deprive every good work of its sweetness." For his part, Yves d'Évreux had already written, referring to the Guaranís:

There are no more indefatigable people in the world than they, when they voluntarily undertake something, without thought of drinking or eating, so that they carry what they are doing to a happy end, and in the hardest of difficulties they do nothing but laugh, shout, and sing to keep up their spirits; but if, contrariwise, you mistreat them and make them work under threats, they will do nothing worthwhile. Knowing this to be their nature, they never press or compel their children or their slaves, but induce them to do things through kindness.

Vasco de Quiroga, who applied ideas taken from Utopia *to government of Indians in Michoacán, Mexico*

Moreover, as Paul Gaffarel points out, the method of feeding the children that Rousseau praises in *Émile* is a copy of the Guaraní system that Lery described in Chapter XVII of his work.

The reaction against the myth of the "good savage" was begun by Montesquieu, who tried to explain the American phenomenon by associating the customs and institutions with the peculiarities of the geographical environment. In reaching his opinion, he no longer gives any importance to the Guaranís. "In America," he wrote, "the peoples under the rule of despotic kings, like those of Mexico and Peru, have been found in the central region, and the free nations in the North." What made for such a large number of separate nations of savages, he declared in another place, was the abundance of lands that produced many nutritious fruits without the help of human labor. He maintained that religion had been used to enslave rational beings, under the pretext of converting the victims to the new faith. "It was this way of thinking," he wrote, under the influence of the Inca

Bishop Quiroga, lower right, with members of his Utopian community. Craft industries he started are still carried on

Garcilaso de la Vega, "that encouraged the destroyers of America in their crimes, for these brigands, who wanted positively to be brigands and Christians, were very devout."

Montesquieu was one of the first to refer to the transformations that Columbus' hemisphere had wrought in the structure of the civilized world. According to him, the discovery of America originated world trade, with these two limitations: first, trade with a colony was a monopoly of the mother country; second and consequently, citizens of foreign countries could not navigate in colonial waters unless they were so authorized by treaties. "The effect of the discovery of America was to relate Europe to Asia and Africa. America provided Europe with the goods for its trade with that vast part of Asia called the East Indies. Silver, a metal so useful to trade as a symbol, was the basis of world commerce as a commodity. In short, navigation to Africa became necessary; that continent supplied men for work in the mines and fields of America."

Montesquieu always regarded the American continent from a statesman's viewpoint. No one gave a better explanation of the paradox of Spanish impoverishment, as a result of the prodigious quantity of gold and silver poured into Europe from America through the hands of the Madrid sovereigns. "There is an innate and physical evil in the nature of these riches that makes them vain. Gold and silver are a fictitious or symbolic wealth. These symbols are very durable and wear away slowly. The more they multiply, the more they depreciate."

It was the abundance of gold and silver from America that permitted the discovery of one of the great laws of world economics. Montesquieu formulated and explained it in these terms:

The Spaniards excavated the mines, burrowed through the mountains, invented machines for extracting water and for purifying and separating the minerals; and, since they controlled the lives of the Indians, they made them work without rest. The quantity of silver in Europe soon doubled, and the advantage to Spain dropped by half. She had, each year, only the same quantity of new metal, but worth half the original price. Later, the price fell below half. Here is how this comes about:

To get gold out of the mines, to give it the necessary preparation and transport it to Europe, requires a certain investment. Suppose the cost of exploitation in relation to the value of the extracted metal is of the ratio of one to sixty-four. When the quantity of silver available doubles and consequently is only half as valuable [per unit], the relation of cost to value would be on the order of two to sixty-four. In this manner, the fleets that carried the same quantity of gold to Spain carried something worth half what it had been, or cost twice as much. If this process of duplication and reduplication is followed out, you will find in this progression the cause of the impotence of Spain's riches.

With Montesquieu, America ceased to be treated as a picturesque topic for poetry or the site of improbable myths and came to be regarded as a factor in world politics. The circulation of American riches through all the channels of trade influenced the rise and fall of nations. Powerful mercantile cities lost their hegemony, busy ports saw their docks deserted, and new financial centers arose as the classical sailing routes were replaced by new ones. At the same time that the phenomenon of America moved the centers of the financial empires, it also played a part in the creation of the science of economics. Behind many victories at war lay the obscure work of men in our Hemisphere. If Napoleon had not been cut off from his New World sources of supply by the vigilant action of the British squadron, there would probably have been no Waterloo. ♣

ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

WORLD BANK ACTION

Peruvian and Ecuadorian ports and Brazilian power will benefit from three recent loans by the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development.

Peru's competitive position in world markets, especially for mineral exports, and her earnings from foreign trade should be improved when the port of Callao is expanded and modernized with the help of a $6,575,000 loan. General shipping will be safeguarded from inflammable oil cargoes by a new two-berth pier for tankers. A specially equipped berth will give the port a mineral-loading capacity of 14,000 tons a day, compared to a present rate of 500 to 850 tons. This will keep ships moving faster and ocean freight rates down. With two new berths for general cargo, the port—which handles about 60 per cent of the country's exports and imports plus considerable coastwise traffic—will be able to cope with long-term shipping growth.

A $13,000,000 loan to Ecuador will help pay for an entirely new port at Guayaquil. This city, fifty-five miles inland at the point where the Daule and Babahoyo rivers meet to form the Guayas, handles about 90 per cent of the country's imports and 60 per cent of its exports. It is connected by ferry with the railway from Quito. But the river is so shallow that large vessels cannot ascend it as far as Guayaquil and even the ships that can must usually be loaded and unloaded in midstream by lighters.

To provide direct pierside landing facilities, the new port is being built on the Estero Salado, an arm of the Gulf of Guayaquil that extends inland parallel to the river. It would have been prohibitively expensive to dredge the river to the required depth, but maintenance of a channel in the estuary will be comparatively easy. A three-thousand-foot-long concrete wharf capable of accommodating five ships at a time will be an outstanding feature of the new port. Some cargo-handling equipment will be transferred here from the old harbor, and more will be bought with the Bank funds. The total cost is estimated at $19,100,000. On the basis of present traffic, it is calculated that handling charges will drop more than $500,000 a year and the reduction of turn-around time will save another $1,500,000. The project is scheduled for completion in 1962.

The second largest loan ever made by the Bank for a single project—$73,000,000—went to Brazil to meet the foreign-exchange costs of the first stage of the largest hydroelectric project ever undertaken in Latin America. The Furnas Rapids power station on the Rio Grande, two hundred miles north of São Paulo, will serve the central-southern part of the country, where four fifths of Brazilian industry and much agricultural activity are concentrated. It will have a capacity of 460,000 kilowatts at first and 1,100,000 kilowatts—or 50 per cent more than the area's present power capacity—when ultimately completed. The construction of access roads and service buildings at Furnas is well under way. The first stage is scheduled to be finished by the middle of 1963, and a second by 1965. Private firms have joined the government in providing capital for this plant.

COFFEE AGREEMENT

To avoid a glut on the market, the Latin American Coffee Agreement briefly mentioned last month assigned quotas to the participating countries for withholding part of their exportable production during the year that began October 1. Brazil agreed to hold back 40 per cent, Colombia 15 per cent, and the other countries (Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Peru, and Venezuela) 5 per cent of their first 300,000 exportable bags (132 pounds each) and 10 per cent of the rest. Manuel Escalante, Chairman of the Board of Directors for the agreement, announced on October 31 that it was in effect. To maintain orderly marketing, a special formula was unanimously adopted, based on past export figures, to limit the amount shipped during an initial period of six months, through March.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

AN INTERNATIONAL DAILY NEWSPAPER

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1958 — THE ATLANTIC EDITION — TEN CENTS A COPY

Commonwealth Boosted

London Warmed By Diefenbaker

By Peter Lyon

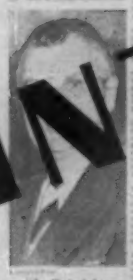
Staff Correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor

London

Scottish Visit Recalled

Great Changes Forecast

Faith Voiced



John Diefenbaker

Democrats Tally Nationwide Gains, Strengthen Control on Capitol Hill

Nelson A. Rockefeller

Edmund G. Brown

Rockefeller Comet Bu[rns] GO[P]

By R. Stafford H[opkins]

Chief New York Bureau, The Christian Science Monitor

New York

Congress Grip Tightens

By Richard L. Strout

Staff Correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor

Washington

Eisenhower Vows To Fight Spendi[ng]

Spotlight on Indiana

Extent of Triumph

Democratic Possibilities

Oregon Results

Tunisia Reports French Incursion

Tunis, Tunisia

Bobcats at Buffalo

Barry Goldwater

A rewarding victory

Continued from Editorial Page 1

State of the Nations

Khrushchev's Game

By JOSEPH C. HARSCH, Special Correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor

Mother Russia

Election Coverage Inside

November 5, 1958

DAILY

Fifty years of the Christian Science Monitor

ALBERTO MORÉ

THOUGH Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, lived in a metaphysical world, she had very realistic views about earthly things. When she ordered her "beloved disciples" to establish a daily newspaper—"Let there be no delay; the Cause demands that it be issued now"—she knew she could count on them to brush aside difficulties as if, like death, they did not exist. Three and a half months later, on November 25, 1908, the first copies of the *Christian Science Monitor* rolled off the press in Boston. Its ambition was "to publish the real news of the world in clean, wholesome manner, devoid of sensational methods. . . . No exploitation of vice or crime, but the aim of the editors will be to issue a paper which will be welcomed in every home where purity and refinement are cherished ideals." Now, fifty years later, the *Monitor* exerts a world-wide influence, with a circulation of 180,000 reaching 1,748 cities in 120 countries.

The cause with a capital *C* to which Mrs. Eddy referred was, of course, the Christian Science religion. It is based on the premise that, since God in his infinite Goodness cannot have created sin, illness, or death, they are non-existent; to believe otherwise would be to accept the idea that there is a force of evil as powerful and creative as God himself, which is a contradiction. All the problems of this life, including disease, are merely imagination and can be conquered and cured as they were by Christ and his disciples. Mrs. Eddy conceived this doctrine in 1866 and published it nine years later in a book called *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures,* which, after several editions, is still the fundamental manual of Christian Science. Her religion has gained widespread acceptance in the United States, and the Mother Church in Boston has thousands of branches all over the world.

Until her death two years after the establishment of the *Monitor,* Mrs. Eddy steadfastly opposed those of her followers who advised her that a change of title, eliminating the name of the religion, would increase the paper's readership and influence. "God gave mé this name and it remains" was her unvarying retort. She held that, as the *Monitor* actually did represent the church in the field of journalism, the only proper thing to do was to announce the fact. No one should have to spread rumors about its true sponsorship. This was the policy in Mrs. Eddy's lifetime and it is the policy of the present management—the church board of directors, which administers the paper through the trustees of the Christian Science Publishing Society.

Years afterward, J. Ramsay MacDonald, the late British Prime Minister and Labor Party leader, remarked to Willis J. Abbott, then editor of the *Monitor:* "Your paper is a wonderful one. It seems so honest, so fair, so tolerant. Its attitude of internationalism makes it fairly unique. But . . . don't you think you and your associates could extend its circulation into quarters now closed to it, and thereby exercise a much wider influence, if you would take those provocative and limiting words 'Christian Science' out of the title?" In almost a parody of MacDonald's words, Abbott replied: "Could you not gain a hearing in quarters now closed to you, and thereby exert a wider influence for good, if you took that limiting and provocative word 'labor' out of the title of your political party?"

Like its founder, the *Monitor* has no political or economic commitment, no tie with any cause but the Mother Church. Nor is it a commercial venture, though it regularly shows a profit, which is used for improving the paper still further.

Just as its masthead says, it is an "international newspaper." The only comparable U.S. daily, the *New York Times,* is not, as the *Monitor* is, purposely designed for readers abroad as well as at home. Ninety per cent of the *Monitor*'s subscribers receive it by mail, and to meet their different interests the staff at 1 Norway Street in Boston turns out six separate editions (including one for Latin America), with varying contents and advertisements. Despite a circulation that is measly by tabloid

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ALBERTO MORÉ, *a Cuban newspaperman who has lived in the United States for many years, has worked for* El Diario de Nueva York *and the National Broadcasting Company and now covers the* UN *for United Press International.*

standards, the *Monitor* has more power over public opinion than a good many larger papers put together. One reason, perhaps the most important, is the quality of its subscribers: they are generally above the average in means, education, and intelligence and influential in local, often in national, and occasionally in international politics. The *Monitor* is also read, with vast respect, in the editorial rooms of newspapers all over the world, and its articles are often cited or reprinted in other publications. The following quotation from a recent congratulatory editorial in the *Washington Post and Times-Herald* is typical:

. . . To define the *Christian Science Monitor* merely as a newspaper is incomplete and perhaps misleading. Each day, the *Monitor* brings its . . . subscribers a chronicle of events notable for both breadth and depth. Its pages include thoughtful surveys of the arts, a sheaf of poetry, and graceful essays which afford a needed ramble away from the tumult of an angry world. . . .

The *Monitor* describes itself as an "international daily newspaper" and the mirror it holds up to the world reflects that motto. A perceptive staff stationed around the globe seeks to interpret as well as report, and stress significance rather than sensation. If the paper sometimes seems too gentle (as in its skittishness about the word "death"), it seldom becomes merely genteel. Much of

Mary Baker Eddy founded Christian Science and the Monitor

Old-time story conference: Paul S. Deland, John Browning, and George F. Lawson, of news desk

the credit for the *Monitor*'s continued distinction rests with its editor, Erwin D. Canham, who is fulfilling the goal set forth by the paper's founder. That purpose, according to Mary Baker Eddy, was to present a "steady flow of dispatches designed to pierce the fog of ignorance and the dictates of prejudice." May the *Monitor* continue as that reliable beacon!

No other English-language U.S. paper devotes so large a proportion of its space to Latin American affairs as the *Monitor*. Its very first issue, whose proofs were corrected in Mrs. Eddy's own hand, contained three items: two on Mexico and a third about a projected canal across Florida that would bring Central America closer to the eastern United States. From the beginning its editorials advocated the Good Neighbor Policy long afterward adopted by the Government. As early as 1912, it was publishing two full pages a week of "Important News from Latin American Centers," and the next year it sent down its first correspondent (his dispatches came back to Boston by ship via Europe and arrived after several weeks' delay). In 1942, for its contribution to the improvement of inter-American relations, the *Monitor* became the first U.S. newspaper to receive the Maria Moors Cabot Prize.

Today it has regular correspondents in Argentina, Brazil, Panama, and Mexico and a complement of "stringers" and occasional contributors in the other countries. It has long assigned a senior editor to the area, who makes frequent journeys around the Hemisphere. Bertram B. Johansson recently took over the post from Robert M. Hallett, who had held it for seven years and in 1957 was decorated by the Bolivian Government with the Order of the Condor of the Andes. This staff, by the way, is considered part of the domestic, not the foreign, news service.

Because of the *Monitor*'s prestige in Latin America, its representatives have easy access to presidential palaces, ministries, and other places where news is made. The important men freely recognize its thoroughness, its impartiality, and its staunch support of democracy. After being interviewed by Hallett in 1951, former Mexican Foreign Minister Ezequiel Padilla wrote to him: "I wish all the interpreters of my political opinions were men of

Present Monitor *editors hold conference to analyze stories, pictures, and front-page layout. Chief editor Erwin D. Canham is third from right*

your caliber." In 1952, prevented by the then-current censorship from reprinting a "splendid" *Monitor* article on Colombia, Roberto García Peña, editor of *El Tiempo* of Bogotá, "took the liberty of translating your interesting report on Venezuela." Last year Víctor Andrade, formerly Bolivian Ambassador in Washington and now Foreign Minister, expressed his own and his country's appreciation "for the breadth of vision and understanding with which you have looked upon the struggles of a small and backward nation in its efforts to raise the living standards of its people without taking away their freedom." An "assiduous reader," former Venezuelan President Rómulo Betancourt, wrote to the *Monitor* on January 13 of this year that he has always "found its leading articles and columns well attuned to the aspirations of the peoples of Venezuela and the other Latin American Republics. . . ." And, in another anniversary message, the Colombian writer Germán Arciniegas voiced for the paper "the great admiration it deserves."

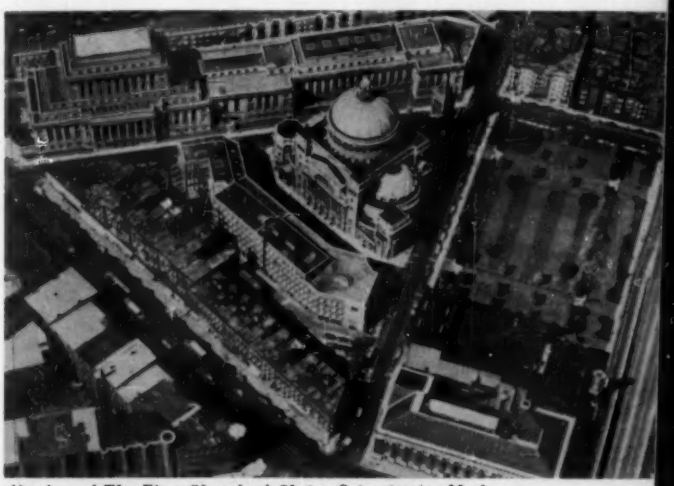
Unlike other religious newspapers, the *Monitor* devotes only one column a day to the Mother Church and is always ready to give space to the newsworthy activities of other religions. The paper justly prides itself on this lack of prejudice, but it is true that Christian Science imposes certain restrictions of its own on editorial and advertising policy. This may be called self-censorship, but the *Monitor*'s view is that it is merely avoiding matter it considers fraudulent, and in so doing it is perfectly willing to sacrifice considerable advertising revenue. No advertisements are accepted for alcohol, tobacco, or other stimulants, including tea and coffee. Drug and patent-medicine advertising is similarly rejected (yet doctors are the largest professional group among *Monitor* subscribers). In its news columns also, the paper treats medical information with extreme caution, pledged as it is to its own variety of spiritual cure. It mentions only the most important items and only after receiving official approval. However, it reports all legislative measures connected with health and hygiene.

These prohibitions are known even among Christian Scientists as "the *Monitor*'s taboos" and are carried to the point that its employees may not drink, smoke, or swear. In *Commitment to Freedom*, a recent and excellent book about the paper, Canham dedicates a full chapter to them. The best known is against two words that, it must be admitted, have little charm: "dead" and "death." Deplorably, people keep on dying, but the *Monitor*—true to its principles—does not publish obituaries. It only mentions a demise (or reports an illness) when it is news, and then it uses the term "passed on" instead of "died." This taboo must have created some problems, and Canham himself refers humorously to a free-lance correspondent who, during World War I, sent in a story describing a battlefield as being littered with "passed-on horses." It was not published, he adds.

Another source of news that the *Monitor* almost never touches is the affairs of "society." As Canham explains in his book, it would be impossible to do the job thoroughly on a proper nation-wide scale, and in any case weddings, parties, and similar doings "are not of the essence of what well-informed readers need to know." The nearest the *Monitor* comes to the social note is to cover the activities of organizations when it considers them of sufficient interest.

On its golden anniversary, the *Christian Science Monitor* is fully aware that other papers are lavish in their coverage of death, scandal, sex, and crime. It has chosen instead to fulfill the mandate of Mary Baker Eddy: to struggle for liberty and justice, doing honor to this life and the next one. ♣

Thirty-foot "mapparium," off main lobby, is composed of 608 illuminated stained-glass panels



Air view of The First Church of Christ, Scientist (or Mother Church, center), and Publishing Society (top) in Boston

TREASURE IS

Exploring on Ecuador's Galápagos

ROBERT I. BOWMAN *photographs by the author*

BY MID-AFTERNOON on July 15, 1957, our Catalina flying boat was high over the northwest corner of San Cristóbal, the most easterly of the Galápagos Islands. In the bright sunshine, the emerald waters of Wreck Bay glistened with whitecaps. The sound of our plane brought most of the local population into the open. As the ground raced past our open turret window, I could see that numerous changes had come over this quiet fishing community since I last saw it in 1953. The most obvious was a new and impressive lava-stone administration building at the northwest side of the bay—a reflection of the ever-

ROBERT I. BOWMAN *is assistant professor of zoology at San Francisco State College.*

LANDS OF SCIENCE

increasing importance of the Galápagos in the economy of Ecuador, the country to which they belong.

Few areas in the Western Hemisphere are so little known and so unappreciated. Some five hundred miles off the west coast of Ecuador, they have been known by such divergent descriptions as "Isles of Enchantment" and "Hell-on-Earth" since their discovery in 1535 by the Bishop of Panama, Tomás de Berlanga. Early Spanish merchant ships plying the waters of the eastern Pacific trade routes were lured toward the Galápagos as if drawn by some magical force, captives of the westward-flowing Humboldt current. During calms, which last for days or even weeks at a time, ships have drifted helplessly within sight of the mist-enshrouded peaks, only to be swept away again by the whimsical coastal currents. Sailors lucky enough to find safe anchorage in the still waters of a submerged crater were soon disillusioned with the desolation of the land. Foreboding were the black lava, hot as ashes under the tropical noonday sun; the rumbling volcanoes belching fiery-orange magma in the night; the crooked cacti stretching their spine-studded joints high into the sky; the gargantuan *galápagos* or land turtles, capable of carrying a man on their shells. It is not difficult to imagine the mystical effect these islands, their inhabitants, and the natural forces surrounding them might have had on the superstitious minds of mariners just out of the Middle Ages.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, pirates used the secluded coves of the Galápagos as hideouts between their raids on west-coast shipping. Around the beginning of the nineteenth century, Galápagos waters were exploited for their wealth of whales; it was on an American whaling vessel that Herman Melville came to know the Galápagos Islands, which later were the locale for his charming essay "Las Encantadas." Later in the century sealers took a fantastic toll of tame fur seals along the rocky coasts; only a few hundred are left today. Ever since the earliest explorers set foot on the Galápagos, domestic animals have been escaping or have been put ashore, so that at present cattle, horses, donkeys, goats, pigs, dogs, and cats run wild there, surprisingly wary.

In recent times our knowledge of the Galápagos has come mainly from naturalists, who have been attracted by the islands' biological curiosities. The best known of these scientists is Charles Darwin, the celebrated British biologist who studied the geology and natural history of the Galápagos in September and October of 1835. Many of his views on the evolutionary theory were based on his observations of reptiles and birds in the islands. Noting that these unique creatures varied even from island to island yet were all related to those of the American mainland, and that the Galápagos were of relatively recent origin, he wrote: "Both in space and time, we seem

Pottery fragments of quince-marmalade jars looted from Spanish ships are scattered on shores of James Bay, Santiago Island, former pirate hideout and possible site for biological station. Here Darwin made observations and Thor Heyerdahl uncovered pre-European occupation sites

Tower Rock, Bartolomé Island, is sheer column of lava emerging from turquoise waters of Sullivan Bay, a favorite yachting anchorage

to be brought somewhat near to that great fact—that mystery of mysteries—the first appearance of new beings on this earth."

Although the Galápagos have been inhabited by a few colonists since early in the nineteenth century, they were largely ignored till the United States began to build a military base on Baltra Island in 1942. Since then, increasing numbers of immigrants have been arriving on their desolate shores. Native wild animals, undisturbed for thousands of years, are threatened with extinction as a result of the clearing of primeval forests, uncontrolled hunting, and the introduction of the domestic animals, which now prey upon the defenseless aborigines.

Aware of the scientific and cultural importance of the flora and fauna of the Galápagos and the need for preserving them, the Government of Ecuador asked the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization to help it look into the feasibility of establishing in the archipelago a center for scientific study and conservation of the famous local species. I was invited to represent the Western Hemisphere nations on this scientific mission of reconnaissance.

From San Cristóbal our plane flew westward to Floreana Island, where dark clouds were drenching the highlands. Unsettled weather still further to the west caused us to abandon our plan to survey the highest peaks on Isabela and Fernandina islands. Instead, we set a course almost due north of Floreana in the direction of the landing strip on Baltra Island. Academy Bay came into view as our plane began its flight across the eastern half of Santa Cruz Island, where we were to establish our field headquarters. In landing on Baltra the wheels of our Catalina scarcely used a quarter of the length of the enormous runway, once the home base of giant bombers and fighters that guarded the Panama Canal during World War II.

A strange feeling came over us as we set foot on the hot runway. Here was a deserted airstrip capable of accommodating some of the world's largest aircraft, but none were in evidence. Standing like sentries along the sides of the runway were the red-barked tree-cacti, their drooping pads rigid and spiny. Loose lava boulders were strewn around the surface of this small flat island, where domestic goats and land iguanas once grazed in large numbers. There was no wind, and all that could be heard above the human voices were the unmusical chirps of the small black ground-finches (native) or the muffled rustle of the house mouse (introduced) as it scurried over the dried grasses. The only refreshing sight on this sun-parched land was large green watermelons, sweet and juicy—exotic fruits that no doubt sprang from seeds once cast aside by some unknown G.I. stationed there.

The main deck of the government supply boat *El Oro*, which was awaiting our arrival at the old wooden dock, was crowded with civilians and naval personnel. Almost everyone looked weary from the three-day voyage to the Galápagos, just ended. A tall lanky man in a tight-fitting beret sat at the main dining table, whistling and exchanging banter with other passengers, most of whom were busily writing letters. As president of the Ecuadorian Philatelic Association, he told me, he was authorized to inaugurate a new series of postage stamps depicting

Tree-like prickly-pear cacti dominate shore areas of east end of Santa Cruz Island, where lobster, fish, and crab abound

Galápagos animals and scenery. Happily for the stamp collector, our plane had arrived on the first day of issuance, which made it possible to inaugurate simultaneously the first air-mail service between the Galápagos and the Ecuadorian mainland.

Early next morning I was awakened by the rumble of our ship's motors and a cold dripping fog called *garúa*, which dampened the faces of all of us sleeping on the open deck. By sunrise the sky had partly cleared and we could see in the distance the eastern shore of Santa Cruz Island, with black cliffs in bold relief like a formidable wall around an ancient castle.

Santa Cruz is a near-circular island approximately twenty-five miles in diameter with few irregularities in the shore line. The main anchorage along the southern side is Academy Bay, which is like a giant bite out of the cactus-covered coast, leaving sheer bluffs twenty to fifty feet high along all but the innermost edge. Here, partly screened by a few green clusters of mangroves, is the unimposing fishing settlement of Puerto Ayora, a haphazard scattering of buildings—made of lava boulders and lumber salvaged from the Baltra base—along a narrow band of level land adjacent to the shore.

A shallow channel leads from the open bay into a small lagoon that hugs the black base of an overpowering cliff. Blue-footed boobies and brown pelicans squat on whitewashed ledges. Occasionally one plunges into the turquoise waters, where schools of mullet cruise in graceful curves over the sandy bottom.

Were it not for an occasional glimpse of light-colored paint and a few little palm groves, Puerto Ayora might easily go unnoticed by a passing ship. In this forsaken setting, where the silence was formerly punctuated by the braying of burros and the bleating of goats, it is surprising to find a cosmopolitan community of about two hundred people living a meager existence plagued by food and water shortages, tedious trails, and uncertain communications with the mainland.

Expedition cuts trails through dense Santa Cruz underbrush, dripping with red fire-ants, at seven-hundred-foot elevation. Forest trees are members of sunflower family that grow as high as seventy feet

A rectangular pier built of lava boulders juts like a beckoning finger into the quiet waters of the lagoon. At the end of the dock, a sun-bleached lamppost shaped like an inverted *J* affords the only safe mooring for boats. A walk of less than thirty seconds over a well-worn sandy trail brings one to a derelict fish-cannery built by the first Norwegian colonists in 1926. Its cement walls were reconstructed recently and it now serves as office quarters for a government official. Living in small iron-roofed houses of varying shapes are colonists from all corners of the world, from Spitzbergen to New Zealand, from Boston to Brussels. These and Ecuadorian colonists have brought along trades no less diverse than their nationalities: there are a carpenter from Switzerland, a seamstress from Ecuador, a free-lance writer from Austria, a mason from Norway, a mechanic from the United States,

Lava field, James Bay, Santiago Island. Sailors called Galápagos "Hell-on-Earth"

a farmer from Germany. The reasons for their coming to Santa Cruz are obscure. A few may have hoped to escape the turmoil of recent years, only to discover that not even in the Galápagos can one find complete seclusion from the outside world; some came to pioneer against innumerable odds. Those who choose to live along the coast must spend approximately six months of the year fishing the cool waters about the islands. Using hand lines, they mine the shoal regions of sweet-fleshed groupers or bacalao, which are salted and sun-dried before shipment to the markets of Guayaquil at Christmas and Easter. Many of the basic foodstuffs, such as flour, rice, sugar, and yeast, are brought from the mainland aboard the government boat that makes bi-monthly

Mangroves (foreground) line lagoon of Academy Bay at Puerto Ayora settlement, Santa Cruz. Note ruins of fish cannery at right

visits. Most other foods are now obtained locally.

In the moist highlands north of Academy Bay about five miles by air but closer to seven miles on foot over a zigzag trail, there is a small farming community named Fortuna by those first colonists who thirty years ago sought a new way of life on Santa Cruz. At this elevation the brick-red soil is rich in humus and nutrients and moistened by frequent rains and mists. Tropical fruits like bananas, papayas, pineapples, avocados, oranges, and lemons grow luxuriantly, and vegetables like cabbages, corn, and potatoes yield as many as three crops a year. The most important crop of all, because it provides a large part of the farmers' incomes, is coffee, of a quality unmatched on the Ecuadorian mainland. One can visit, as I had the frequent pleasure of doing, such prosperous farms as the Kastdalens', where one finds it difficult to believe that this is the land of "World's End." These Norwegian colonists have not only replaced the dense forest with hundreds of acres of productive farm land and built a big comfortable house of imported materials but brought into production such Galápagos "luxuries" as cow's milk and cheese.

But despite this present-day abundance, the first settlers found not one of the native plants on Santa Cruz edible. Before the forests could be cleared and food-producing plants brought into production, they endured much physical hardship. Indeed, even today farming on the Galápagos is no job for the lazy or the poor in spirit.

On the well-watered lands to the southwest of Fortuna are the last remnants of a once-much-larger population of giant *galápagos*. To reach the so-called "tortoise country" involves an all-day hike through fire-ant-infested brush, confusing wild-donkey trails, and slippery substratum. But such inconveniences fade rapidly in one's memory after a first glimpse of these magnificent reptilian monsters plodding through the dense forest underbrush with the ponderous gait of a tank. The giants are surprisingly timid in the presence of human beings. When disturbed, they pull in their feet and head, utter a deep hiss, and remain motionless until they sense that the danger has passed. One of the tortoises we found foraging on grass was so heavy that four men could not lift it. Heaps of tortoise bones, often bearing the unmistakable scars of a machete blade, lay silently in the grass—each an inglorious cairn to man's greed for a few quarts of cooking fat. That the ruthless slaughter of these "living

Alf Kastdalen, son of Norwegian couple who came to Santa Cruz in 1935 and cleared land by hand, poses in his pineapple grove

fossils," found nowhere else in the world except on a few small islands in the Indian Ocean, continues with impunity, notwithstanding the urgent pleas of conservationists, is a sad example of man's misunderstanding of his place in the biotic community.

There is, perhaps, no more beautiful or—depending on one's point of view—more repulsive spot in the Galápagos than Fernandina Island, a monstrous volcanic dome bulging over four thousand feet above the surface of the ocean. Charles Darwin noted that it "is covered with immense deluges of black naked lava, which have flowed either over the rim of the great cauldron, like pitch over the rim of a pot in which it has been boiled, or have burst forth from smaller orifices on the flanks; in their descent they have spread over miles of the sea-coast."

On one of our trips in search of a suitable site for a biological station, we visited Fernandina, which, unlike most other large islands in the Galápagos, has been undisturbed by man or his domestic animals and plants, and consequently supports a wealth of antediluvian creatures. The fact that only a handful of human beings have ever climbed to the top of this volcano and even fewer have dared to enter the depths of its central crater inspired us to explore the inner recesses.

Author among herd of marine iguanas at Point Espinosa, Fernandina Island. Tame and harmless, lizards are as long as three feet

Only after several days of intimate contact with the weird world of Fernandina did I overcome my initial impression that the physical and biotic elements were in temporal and geographic discord with the outside world. Where else on earth can one find enormous herds of ocean-venturing dragon-like iguanas, reminiscent of prehistoric times? Where else does one find a member of the typically Antarctic penguin tribe living in comfort directly on the equator and feeding on the small fishes that teem in these "tropical" waters, which here are cooler than in any other equatorial region in the world? Where else can one find a giant of the cormorant family of birds with wings so reduced that, in mockery of the evolutionary process, they render the bird flightless? And all these biological productions are staged in a setting one might imagine to be more typical of the cooler parts of Hell or an adolescent planet.

After surveying the entire shore line of Fernandina by boat we decided to ascend the cone on its north-central side and descend along its northeast side, thereby encountering the greatest variety of terrain. Our party, composed of four guides and three scientists, spent two full days climbing to the north rim of the crater, with numerous stops for resting, observing, and photographing.

Nowhere else on the Galápagos, with the possible exception of Santa Fe Island, did we see so many large and brilliantly colored iguanas of the land variety. In the lower elevation we found them feeding on dried leaves and twigs and hiding beneath flat slabs of lava. In the moister highlands they fed on the lush leaves of grass and bushes, taking cover in shallow burrows dug obliquely into the soil. Under the weight of our bodies the roofs of these burrows often gave way and an irritated iguana might charge out of its dusty retreat. We were soon bothered by ticks, which fell upon our skin and clothing as we brushed through the vegetation.

Galápagos sea lions relax on shore of Pinta Island. Unlike their valuable relatives the fur seals, they have not been hunted down

On the third day we broke through to the north rim of the crater after a morning of trail-cutting through a midget-height forest of sunflower trees. The magnificent view from the north rim of Fernandina crater is unsurpassed in all the Galápagos. A green-mantled rim, eleven miles in circumference, crowns a steep-walled cauldron containing an enormous lake, almost two thousand feet below. Gusts of warm air whipped these waters into a white-capped frenzy, so that from our position they looked like a boiling sea. Emerging from near the middle of the lake was a well-formed island volcano with a still smaller lake in its crater, which in turn once harbored a large rock reportedly bombed out by U.S. airmen who used it as a target.

In our search for a suitable place to enter the crater,

Six foot leaves of otoya plant (introduced) were eaten by first colonists on Santa Cruz, are now used as livestock feed

Expedition meets Ecuadorian President Camilo Ponce (third from left) before leaving Quito. From left: Author (U.S.), Anthony Balinske (UNESCO), I. Eibl-Eibesfeldt (Austria), Rudolf Freund (U.S.), Alfred Eisenstaedt (U.S.)

we were impressed with the precipitous slopes on all sides. A steep talus on the east side was chosen as a possible avenue of descent. We spent half a day hiking to the eastern rim and another half climbing down to the level of the lake, along a tedious and dangerous trail. Since our supply of drinking water was nearly exhausted, we wasted little time in tasting the water in the lake, which our guides had already told us was sweet. What we did not know was that it was also sulphurous. The air we breathed, the water we drank, the foods we cooked, even the iguanas, smelled of sulphur, and caused us much gastrointestinal grief for the duration of our stay on Fernandina.

We had never appreciated level land quite so much as when deprived of it in Fernandina crater. We made camp on a 60-degree talus slope. Thanks to a twenty-inch-wide terrace about ten feet above the present level of the lake, we secured ourselves in reasonable comfort for sleeping, but at the expense of sharing the immediate area about us with several native black rats that lived among the dead stems of rushes rooted in the terrace. We enjoyed a full moon during the nights we camped in the crater. The brilliant tropical constellations were faintly framed by the oval rim of the volcano which towered above us like an enormous chimney, ominously inactive. At the south rim, upland fog flowed evenly down the inner wall like a silent waterfall, the misty vapors dissipating well before they reached the lake level. The air was warm and still. The chicken-like calls of the gallinules, the faint quack of a lost duckling, and the rasping screech of a barn owl were fitting sounds for this inferno.

We spent three days collecting biological materials, exploring the inner island crater, and measuring air and water temperatures. Biological discoveries popped up in the most unexpected places. We had just about concluded that there were no fish living in the sulphurous waters of the crater lake when a four-foot colubrid snake, captured at the water's edge, regurgitated its last meal—a very small translucent fish.

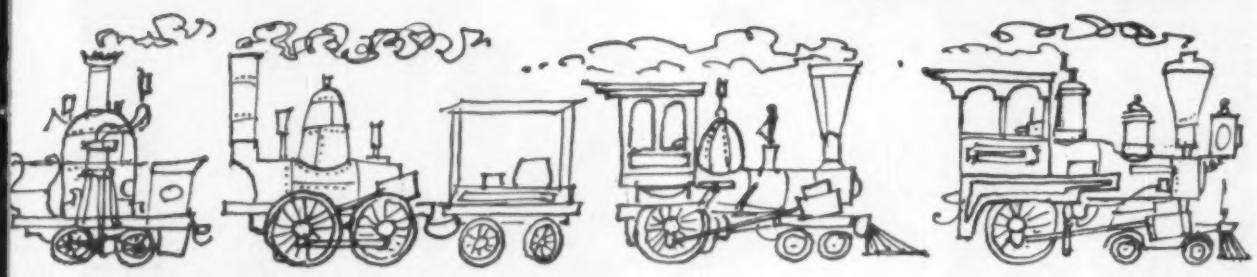
Our return trip to the outer coast from the east rim of the crater took us across an endless expanse of blackness formed by the lava fields. Our shoes were cut to shreds and our feet blistered from the hot crumbled clinkers and saber-sharp slabs, which fractured under our weight with a metallic din. To abate our thirst we munched on the sour fruits of cactus growing like giant candelabra from the lava. Under the intense midday sun the quivering heat waves seemed to blend the distant blotches of reds, yellows, and grays into a symphony of colors and shapes resembling an abstract painting.

We all agreed that the three months spent exploring all but a few of the principal islands of Galápagos were filled with some of the most other-worldly experiences of our lives. We wondered whether Darwin would have arrived at his evolutionary ideas so soon, or at all, had he not chanced to visit the Galápagos.

On the basis of our observations we concluded that most of the Galápagos biota is still intact and comparatively undisturbed. Certain species, especially the tortoises, fur seals, and flamingos, are in immediate need of complete protection from hunters if they are to survive. Furthermore, any extensive development of the potential agricultural lands on the southwestern slopes of Santa Cruz Island will surely have a destructive effect on one of the largest surviving tortoise herds. Much could be said in support of holding down the number of wild domestic animals, which are contributing directly and indirectly to the extinction of certain island tortoise populations.

Plans already laid down by UNESCO and various international scientific groups make it seem probable that these treasure islands of science will soon be brought under more effective surveillance by conservationists and also made much more accessible to students through the establishment of a permanent biological station on one of the islands. As we celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the first public presentation of Darwin's *On the Origin of Species,* it is pleasant to know that Ecuador's Galápagos will continue to inspire the cultural and scientific enrichment of the world. ♣

RAILROAD FEVER



ELIZABETH B. KILMER

AT CHRISTMAS each year the miniature railroad track (both toy and scale-model) in and around the living rooms, attics, and basements of U.S. homes exceeds by many miles the full-sized railroad network of the entire country. In fact, a single U.S. manufacturer estimates that it has sold enough track over the past ten years alone to reach from Mexico City to Calcutta. More astonishing still would be comparisons—if the figures were available—that included England and Europe, where miniature railroads got their start, and Latin America, where they are gaining popularity. (An Argentine ambassador to Italy, taking over the post on short notice, found that his predecessor had had special wiring installed throughout the embassy residence in Rome and had left behind miniature track in many of the rooms.)

In the United States today model railroading—as carefully distinguished from running toy trains, which purists refer to as "tinplate"—ranks alongside those other favorite masculine pastimes of photography, ham radio, and woodworking. Incidentally, this discrimination between model railroads and toy trains is not the hair-splitting it may seem to the uninitiated. Toy trains are bought complete, ready to run; are usually set up for only a few weeks out of the year; and, most significant, are not always faithful scale models of the real thing. So much for toy trains.

A. J. Kalmbach, who publishes probably more material —magazines and booklets—on model railroading than anyone else in the United States, gives an idea of how the hobby has caught on: "Our *Model Railroader* magazine was started in January 1934 with a circulation of 272 copies. It formed a nucleus that drew the scattered model railroaders together; enabled them to exchange construction ideas, plans, and other necessary how-to-do-it information; and convinced these adults that they had fellow hobbyists and helped steel them against the gibes of their friends who tended to think of model railroading as 'kid stuff' or 'playing with trains.' Devotees now number between 150,000 and 200,000, at least, and the circulation of *Model Railroader* reaches a winter peak of well over a hundred thousand."

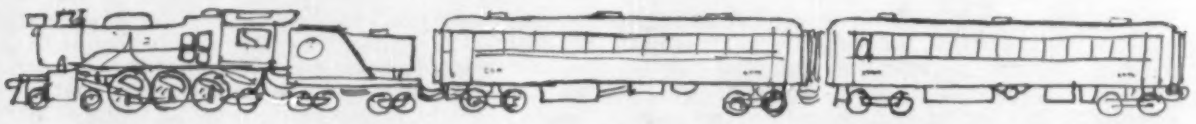
Model track comes in five standard gauges (determined by the distance between the rails, just as in actual railroads). The most commonly used—"O" gauge—is one forty-eighth the size of the original, or about an inch and a quarter. The smallest is "TT", an incredible half inch. Though ready-made equipment is available, model railroaders usually assemble the rolling stock from kits—locomotives entirely from metal; cars from metal, wood, or plastic. Dyed-in-the-wool hobbyists, especially those who have been at it since before the advent of kits some ten or fifteen years ago, build everything from scratch, working from blueprints. Furthermore, all visible moving parts on real cars and locomotives must also move on the models—no such foolishness as simply gluing them in place.

"Why do I like model railroading?" an Argentine enthusiast countered. "Well, to begin with, I just like trains. In an age of jet planes and atomic reactors, there's something almost old-fashioned about railroads that makes me nostalgic. I strongly suspect that railroads are on the way out; and if they are, we'll still have our models at least. You might say this is my way of clinging to the past. One of the things that make it so much fun is the tremendous feeling of power it gives you to manipulate a complex transportation system. Then, of course, miniatures always hold a certain fascination. And once you try it, you find that faithful reproduction on such a small scale is an art in itself."

The range of interests incorporated in model railroading gives it additional appeal as a worth-while hobby: electricity, carpentry, woodworking, metalworking, art, history, economics. A model railroader can give free rein to his imagination—in laying the track, inventing elaborate signal systems, designing novel lighting effects like thunderstorms and sunsets, duplicating actual towns or creating new ones, and so on down an almost endless list of possibilities. He builds tunnels and bridges, makes mountains out of papier-mâché and trees and shrubbery out of lichen and wire, plants green-sawdust lawns, and molds lifelike figures of people and animals.

To create illusions of speed and distance, model rail-

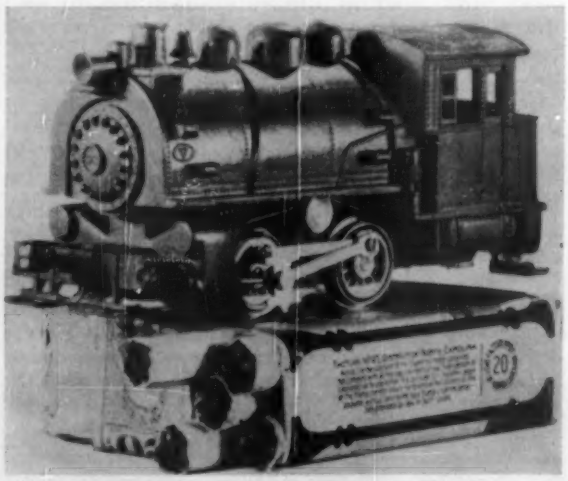
Norfolk & Western's famous Island Yard (at left) and James River at Lynchburg, Virginia. Surprisingly, this is model-railroad layout, in Carl Appel's basement in Allentown, Pennsylvania



roaders are not above resorting to trickery. In fact, they devote long hours to tedious planning and experimentation, just to work out these devious schemes. A slow freight, moving along a near-by track in the opposite direction, makes a passenger train seem as fleet as the wind. Conceal a loop of track in a tunnel, and the consequent delay before the train reappears makes the mind play tricks on the eye. Plant trees between sets of tracks, and they will immediately seem farther apart. The hobbyists' rigid insistence on accurate scale in tracks and rolling stock does not necessarily extend to buildings and scenery, which can be foreshortened to add depth to a landscape. In cramped quarters, these devices —and others infinitely more complex—are a must.

Obviously, model railroading can easily become a lifetime hobby for a whole family—even a sizable one—for there is activity for everyone and a challenge for every talent. A cross-section of model railroaders would reveal all ages and occupations (with surprisingly few trainmen), and a scattering of girls and women.

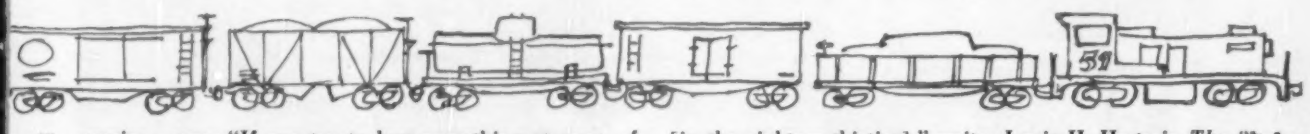
Prospective model railroaders usually begin by asking, Where will I put it? Can I afford it? Now that the days of spacious attics and large spare rooms are gone, the answer to the first question often depends entirely on the hobbyist's ingenuity. In an apartment he can either mount the layout on casters and roll it under a bed or construct it so that it folds into card-table size. If he lives in one of the many cities that have model-railroaders' clubs—like the Metropolitan Society of Model Engineers, Incorporated, of Washington, D.C., which operates a railroad in two rooms on the fourth floor of Union Station—he can content himself with building and collecting rolling stock and use the club layout. Ralph Robinson, an artist whose work often appears in AMÉRICAS, has one on a mantel in his studio. Fascinated by trains since boyhood, he has invested in models be-



HO-gauge die-cast saddle-tank switcher, built from kit, fits neatly on cigarette package. One standard gauge is even smaller

cause he "couldn't afford to buy a full-sized railroad."

As for the question of finances, most model railroaders agree with the succinct reply given by Dr. J. E. Andes in an article in *Whistle Stop* magazine: "I recently finished a tanker . . . that cost me ten dollars. It took me sixty hours to build because I spent a lot of time adding extra details. . . . This means that I paid sixteen cents an hour for my fun—a cheap hobby." Another hobbyist—a statistician with degrees in history, philosophy, and economics—says: "If you try to buy everything at once, of course it's expensive. Actually, though, the money spent is a long-term investment in a constructive and entertaining pastime that is practically an education in itself. My ten-year-old son Mike is already learning to sketch plans and do some of the simpler wiring. But back to the money angle, anyone skilled at repairing equipment could almost make the hobby pay for itself."



Naturally, every model railroader's dream is a lavish, rambling setup like Bob McKeane's, as described in *Model Railroading*, a manual prepared by the editorial staff of the Lionel Corporation:

> Bob works for the New York Central, but, not wholly satisfied with that, he runs a miniature New York Central, . . . the most amazing road in the United States. . . . In the large cellar of a large house, one terminal of the road is located on a shoulder-high platform. From there it descends in a series of dazzling loops to the floor, . . . [which is almost completely covered by] a large branch line. From the floor, the main line rises in steep curving grades, passing through several rooms until it runs right out through a hole which Bob tediously cut through the fourteen-inch stone wall. Under the porch is trackage along almost two whole sides of the house, . . . [with] a loop and turn-around with storage tracks. . . . From the porch, the tracks go clear around the remaining two sides of the house and on into the garage. . . . The terminals are miniatures of New York and Chicago, and operators at various points are in telephonic communication. Also, there are lights which enable an operator to run things alone. There is a difference of over ten feet in elevation between the low and high points of the road, and there is about 750 feet of trackage.

For his friends and fellow hobbyists, this model-railroad tycoon holds "operating night" every Friday.

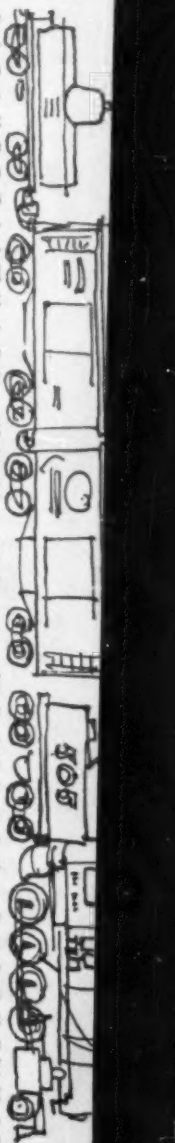
Logically enough, model railroading can be traced back to the inception of real railroads (in some countries the miniatures appeared even before the full-sized trains). Models—a good deal larger than the size the term implies today—were used extensively to work out problems in the construction of rolling stock and the laying of tracks. During the Napoleonic Wars, Matthew Murray of Leeds, England, designed a steam locomotive for John Blenkinsop, who wanted to use it to haul coal from a mine he managed near Leeds, and built two models of it, each one-twelfth actual size. One was for Blenkinsop, so that he could demonstrate the locomotive to other mine operators. Murray sent the second to the Czar of Russia, in an attempt to introduce railroads there. In the United States, Matthias Baldwin, who built one full-sized locomotive in 1832 and was turning out 125 a year by 1866, first constructed only a model, for display as a sort of scientific curiosity in Peale's Philadelphia Museum.

From this it was but a step to model-railroad systems that closely approximated their modern counterparts in size, completeness, accuracy, and detail. "Within a decade or so of the appearance of the first railroads in England [in the eighteen-thirties]," writes Louis H. Hertz in *The Complete Book of Model Railroading*, "numbers of locomotives and related models were being sold, both as toys for the amusement of boys of almost any age, say perhaps seven to seventy, and as philosophical models." At about the same time, a few model railroads, complete with portable track, were being carried around the United States by promoters who wanted to raise funds for the construction of real railroad lines and by showmen who just wanted to raise funds. Several manufacturers in England and Europe were marketing model trains that sold widely in England and to some extent in the United States. Some of these were complete outdoor layouts, like the one Napoleon III had set up in the gardens of the palace at Saint-Cloud in 1859, presumably for his three-year-old son.

About midway through the nineteenth-century the first books on model railroading began to appear. An early volume, published in London in 1869 by an author who chose to hide behind the pen name "A Steady Stoker," had sold no less than fourteen thousand copies by 1874. Another, *Every Boy His Own Manufacturer*—published in New York in 1873, probably as a reprint of an earlier English work—detailed plans and instructions for building a live-steam model locomotive, dubbed "our fiery little monster."

Sales of the English model steam locomotives and of parts for construction picked up considerably in the United States in the eighties and nineties. A U.S. firm, Olney & Warren of New York, produced blueprints and sets of castings for a New York Central & Hudson River Railroad locomotive in three gauges—three-and-a-half, five-and-a-quarter, and seven-inch. Finished locomotives made of aluminum castings and fired by alcohol burners sold for $85, $145, and $235, depending on the gauge.

While most enthusiasts were still concerned with the steam-propelled and wind-up models, Thomas Davenport, a blacksmith of Brandon, Vermont, had by 1835 (twelve years before the birth of Thomas Edison) built a small circular electric railroad. Though he obtained a patent on his motor, Davenport was so far ahead of his time that his ideas were virtually ignored. Louis Hertz tells of Dr. A. L. Henderson of Buffalo, New York, who in 1852 "could boast of owning a complete model electric railroad, with engine, stations, and automatically operated



Mantel train of eighteen-seventies could run in either direction by system of weights. Modern mantel layout—with old-fashioned equipment—is demonstrated by Ralph Robinson (left), whose drawings on these pages represent history of railroading

electric signals!"

However, two decades passed before the first commercial miniature electric trains appeared on the market, in Philadelphia in 1893. Mr. Hertz adds that "the 1890's really saw the dawn of the model-electric-train era, with growing popular acceptance of the units then being manufactured both in the United States and Europe. The most successful of these pioneer manufacturers was the Carlisle & Finch Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, whose first electric trains were made in 1896, and which thereafter expanded its line with almost yearly additions of new equipment."

The story of model railroading in the twentieth century has been largely one of innovation and expansion, and the availability of periodicals and books on the subject has undoubtedly stimulated the growth of the hobby. According to Mr. Hertz, "the first real magazine devoted to model railroading was *Model Railways and Locomotives*, which appeared in England in 1909. . . . It was not until January 1924 that Spon & Chamberlain brought out the first issue of *The Modelmaker*, which pioneered in this field in the United States." Others, of course, have come along since, both here and abroad.

Many model railroaders feel that the hobby really came into its own as a result of the displays of several large railroads at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933. "Unlike crude toy trains," Mr. Kalmbach points out, "these were built accurately to scale and operated with precision and realism. Many visitors to the Fair thought this was something they would like to duplicate at home, and they did."

In 1950, model railroading became the mainstay of the Rochester, New York, Police Athletic League program of supervised activities for children who lack proper play facilities. The PAL "Model Train Heaven" is unique in size and complexity, and the only setup of this sort ever sponsored by a municipality.

The idea began to take shape when Captain Henry H. Jensen, head of the Youth Bureau, was attending the FBI school in Washington. As he stood before the miniature landscape used to demonstrate strategic plans, he saw it in his mind as the background for a model-railroad system for his young charges. Practically the whole city of Rochester pitched in to help bring Captain Jensen's plan to fruition: the Department of Public Works built the layout platforms; local model-railroad clubs and a hobby-shop owner laid the track and did the wiring; members of the Rochester Art Club and students from the Rochester Institute of Technology painted scenic murals and landscapes; local industries contributed colorful additional equipment. The Lionel Corporation cooperated to the fullest by donating equipment and sending technicians. Several national and foreign railroads also gave exhibits.

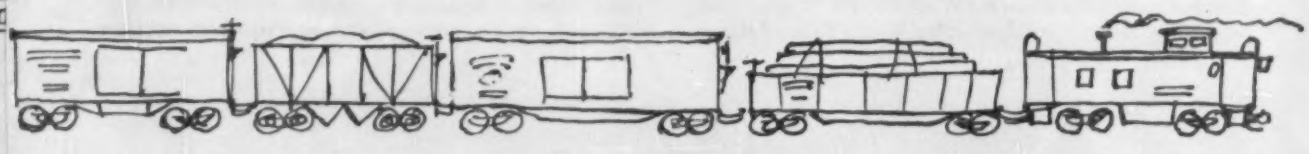
The "Model Train Heaven," which is open three hours a day, is anything but a stand-and-watch activity. PAL members are organized into four groups of sixteen each; everyone has a job to do and a chance to operate all the controls.

The entrance of the four-room display—a diorama for each of the seasons—is a full-sized copy of the rear platform of a New York Central observation car. The marker lights and "Empire State" insignia were contributed by the railroad, which also had one of its painters apply the official lettering.

The Summer Scene, which can accommodate nine trains running at the same time, portrays the city of Rochester, complete with the principal buildings and an unusual scale reproduction of a pier and a cargo ship. In the Autumn Scene there is a drive-in theater that is actually a small television set concealed under a mountain (a supervisor controls the systems in this room to avoid catastrophes resulting from a conflict of interests). The Winter Scene is a coal-mining town where special lighting effects produce either twinkling stars in a shadowed sky or late-afternoon sunlight. The theme of the Spring Scene is "shipping farm produce to market," with all sorts of freight, cattle, milk, and refrigerator cars serving a stockyard and a dairy. Passenger trains wind through the countryside and stop at sleepy rural stations.

With its "Model Train Heaven," the Police Athletic League of Rochester feels that it is taking a giant stride toward its ultimate goal of molding its young members into responsible citizens and is accomplishing its immediate aim of "having them enjoy the transformation."

From all of which it is evident that model railroading is far more indeed than "playing with trains." ♣



This busy corner on Avenida Roosevelt, the main street, is favorite hangout of lottery-ticket vendors and money-changers

MANAGUA REVISITED

ADOLFO SOLÓRZANO DÍAZ

CITIES are like people: when you see them every day you fail to notice most of the changes, but if you come back after an absence of several years you cannot miss them. So it is with Managua, the capital of Nicaragua.

Except for some modern buildings of several stories, it still looks from the air like a flat, red-tile-roofed city; but, once on the ground, I was surprised by its new features and customs. The first thing that attracted my attention was the bright colors of the houses, once monotonously white, in the typical style of southern Spain, since the first settlers were from Andalusia. I also noticed the quicker pace of the pedestrians and the heavy traffic in the business section.

Something else new is the number of European cars, especially among the taxis. They are favored because they are cheaper and more durable and because they "drink less gasoline" than U.S. makes. They used to be called "cats" and "dogs," depending on the size, but these disparaging names have been dropped since many of the smaller models have entered the private-car class. The streets, narrow as before, are no longer adequate. Though some have been made one-way and others through routes, it is still difficult to drive on them and especially to turn corners. The downtown parking problem is almost as acute as in U.S. cities.

As the seat of the government, Managua is the nerve center for the whole country. Located on the shores of Lake Nicaragua, some two hundred feet above sea level, the city has grown considerably, more horizontally than vertically. It has stretched out to the east and west, and

to the south residential areas are climbing a gentle grade in search of a climate that is a few degrees cooler. There are now about 150,000 people living in Managua, more than a 50-per-cent increase since the city was rebuilt after the destructive earthquake of 1931. But population growth in the capital has taken place largely at the expense of other Nicaraguan cities. "All the 'settlers' " (as the few real native sons call them, with a certain air of superiority) "want to come and live in the capital. Now we feel like strangers in our own backyards."

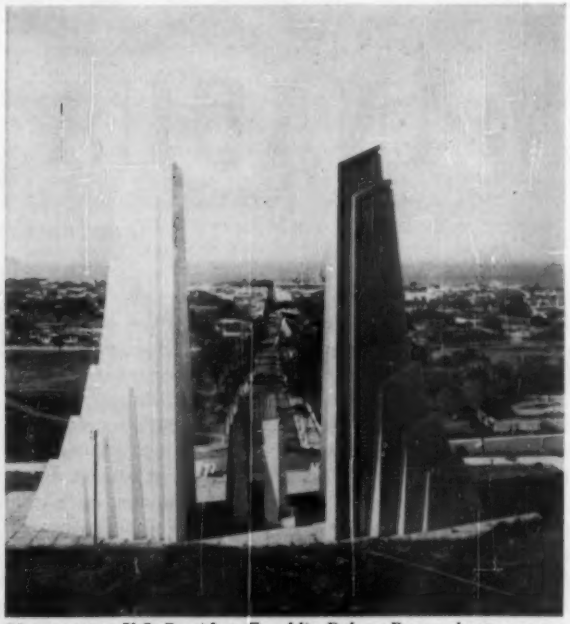
The Avenida Roosevelt, formerly the Avenida del Campo de Marte (named after the principal Nicaraguan army stronghold), which runs north and south, and the Calle Central, which crosses it at right angles, divide the city into four sections. The intersection of these two thoroughfares marks the heart of the capital, its Times Square, so to speak. There the "coyotes" or black marketeers swarm toward every passer-by, especially if he is wearing a jacket and a hat, the marks of a tourist or outsider. Managuans usually go about bareheaded and in shirtsleeves, sometimes sports outfits and sometimes not—a custom that has gained popular acceptance since the fateful days of the earthquake. The younger men prefer brightly colored short-sleeved shirts. This informal dress prevails even during certain celebrations. Naturally, it is infinitely more comfortable in the tropical heat, but many still find it incongruous to see an elegantly dressed girl escorted by a young man so garbed.

After Sunday Mass, street photographers wait on cathedral steps to snap family groups

Once upon a time the prolonged, drowsy-sounding whistle of the electric plant waked the peaceful city at five every morning; or the far-off, piercing toots of the train that left for Granada at six; or, for the real sleepyheads, the siren at the brewery that went off at seven. Late sleepers today are jolted awake by the thundering declamatory voices issuing from loudspeakers that roam the streets advertising—at machine-gun speed and without pause for breath—products, movie schedules, everything under the sun.

Already things of the past are the strolls to Lake Managua, where full moons shed their incomparable light; the band concerts in the parks, especially in Central and Darío, where young people met and troths were plighted, where the girls showed off the latest fashions. The traditional rituals observed in engagements and visits are no more. Nowadays girls smoke, go out in mixed groups without chaperones, and even take the initiative in getting up the parties. Gone too are the

Public Health headquarters (left) is now being rebuilt. At right, National Bank

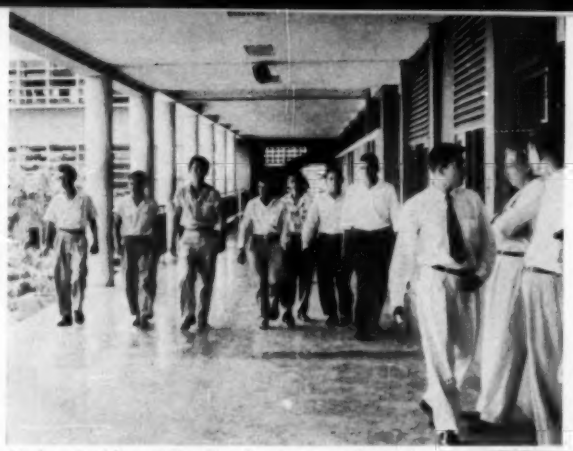


Monument to U.S. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt at one end of avenue renamed in his honor

happy Sunday get-togethers at the Social Club of Managua and the Hotel Lido Palace, and the groups that used to pull their rocking chairs out onto the sidewalks for delightful chitchat.

Many of the Holy Week processions are no longer held, and those that are lack the splendor of yesteryear. Among the festivals for patron saints, one of the gayest and longest—from the first to the tenth of August—honored Santo Domingo de Guzmán, whose small dark image was brought to the city, from a hermitage about six miles away, on a float decorated like a ship and pulled by a pair of gentle oxen. It was preceded by bands, marimba-players, groups of folk dancers, horsemen from Managua—strumming guitars and with a girl riding on the rump of each horse, in the style of Seville—and an ecstatic crowd made slow progress through clouds of dust and shouts. Sudden and not-infrequent showers that drenched ribbons and frills renewed the pilgrims' enthusiasm and joy. Today that old road, which had refreshment stands, stopping places, and fields where families gathered "to see the Saint pass," is a wide, splendid paved highway. The Saint's float, now motorized, passes with a rush and most of the crowd follows or precedes it in automobiles. There are no showy horsemen, no beautiful queen with a court of knights. Santo Domingo remains for ten days in the Managua church that bears his name—ten days that used to be given over to parties, bullfights, folk dances, games, and feasts. The celebration reaches its peak on August 10, when they take the image back to its hermitage in the mountains. Everything has been modernized and, consequently, has lost much of its color and splendor. This year's celebration was so dispirited that everyone thinks it might be the last. But, according to legend, if no one goes to get the Saint he will walk to town, and will show up in his church with muddy feet.

The social life of Managua revolves around its various clubs, which have also changed with the years, in attendance and in programs. For its lovely building and fine location—on the shores of the lake, facing two parks, the Plaza de la República, the National Palace, and the Cathedral—the Social Club of Managua would enjoy distinction anywhere, but today it seems a sad, almost deserted place. When you wander through its spacious halls you see in a corner, like a faded snapshot of the past, the same group of old men, older still, and a scattering of young men who by association look old, arguing over the same problems they hashed over twenty years ago, with a self-esteemed erudite leading the discussion. From time to time the conversations are interrupted when one of the group calls a waiter, who stands nodding next to a side table, to order "a round of ice water for everybody." During the year there are two celebrations that no other club in the city can rival: the formal ball on September 15, the national Independence Day, and the Christmas afternoon party, which is for young and old, since toys are distributed then to all the members' children. The rest of the year the club is dead, and its spacious billiard halls return the echo of empty houses inhabited by ghosts.



Modern building of Ramírez Goyena secondary school, named after eminent scientist and teacher, is on site of old fairground

Poolside interlude at Gran Hotel. Young Nicaraguans live in casual modern fashion rather than stately old style

Baseball fans pack National Stadium during league game. Sport is declining in popularity, however

Mexican-style straw hats, an important home industry, go to market

Gaiety and the young people have moved over to the Club Terraza. In a fourth-floor location dominating the city, this social center is roomy and airy, and has large dance floors, a small swimming pool, and an excellent restaurant. It is very well attended, especially during the informal Sunday gatherings and the frequent dances and parties. It is exclusive enough, but could not strictly be described as a club. It seems more like a "musical restaurant."

The Club Internacional, which once counted a large number of foreigners among its membership, is now composed almost exclusively of Nicaraguans. Animation reigns there every day, especially after working hours, when groups gather around the lively billiard games. Most of those who go there are white-collar employees, so it is jokingly referred to as the "office workers' club." It is in the center of the city, facing the González Theater, and still in the temporary home that was built when the 1931 earthquake destroyed the original building.

Another social center that is gaining great popularity is the Country Club, which occupies a new and modern building on a plain south of the city. It has a good restaurant, a beautiful pool, bowling alleys, and, to be sure, a golf course. Its slight elevation makes it cooler than the downtown area.

In the large and comparatively new oval stadium, all kinds of sports events are held, especially baseball games. Night games are played nowadays, but the floodlights draw so much current that all the other lights in the neighborhood are dimmed. This situation will be remedied when the installation of the new electric plant is completed. Twenty or thirty years ago Nicaragua excelled in baseball and was considered the champion of Central America. Although today it is common to reinforce national teams with professionals from outside, enthusiasm has dwindled along with the quality of the playing. The gymnasium, in the center of the city, opposite the Archbishop's Palace, is a small hall for basketball and boxing matches.

Modernity has taken over life and customs. Dial telephones have arrived and neon signs multiplied. The popular *chicha* bars have gone, and the stalls that sell a tremendous variety of soft drinks made from local fruits are now found only in the market. People prefer locally manufactured Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola, and even the places where you drink them have foreign names: Broadway, Gran Central, Bonbonnière, and so on.

The few local handicrafts, made in the near-by city of Masaya, the only place where some Indian traditions remain (pure-blooded Indians are no longer found in Nicaragua), have been altered for the benefit of tourists, especially North Americans. Embroideries and painted fans and sleeping mats bear exotic motifs: a Mexican Indian resting against a hut, covered with his serape and big sombrero; cactus and desert scenes; and so on. The same thing has happened with the carved gourds and coconuts, and with the earthenware and wooden toys. Their sale has spread from the market to special stores and hotel lobbies.

Even funerals have changed. In the old days the coffin was carried on men's shoulders or on a carved funeral carriage of polished wood, horse-drawn and with a frock-coated coachman. The people went on foot to the cemetery. Today the hearse is motorized and the relatives and friends accompany it in a line of automobiles. ❖

In leisurely old days, horse-drawn cabs shared streets with cars

the marriage-minded fox

A Bolivian fable by **TORIBIO CLAURE**

Illustrations by **ENRIQUE ZAVALETA B.**

ONE NIGHT a wild Rabbit fought long and hard with a tough crude-wax sentinel that farmer Manuel had set out to guard his patch of lettuce, onions, and green alfalfa.

He fought and fought, until his four feet and even his head were stuck fast in the wax dummy.

The next day, at sunup, Manuel found poor Brer Rabbit, cold, still, and almost lifeless. Quick as a wink he carefully extricated him, murmuring: "At last this crafty, gluttonous rascal has been caught!"

"Are we going to kill him, Papa?" Juan nervously asked his gleeful father.

"Yes, right now, my son," Manuel replied. "Put the water on to boil, we're going to skin him. But where can I put him so he won't get away?"

Since the Rabbit was motionless, Juan said compassionately, picking him up by one foot: "This poor thing won't escape now! But we'll put him under that big basket, Papa, and lay that millstone on top."

So it was that they left Brer Rabbit prisoner, all alone, under the basket.

There inside, when everything had grown silent, Brer Rabbit opened first one eye, then the other, and entrusted his soul to God. "Is it possible," he meditated, "that in an hour I'll be dead? That I'll be skinned and cooked, roasted and carved, and then eaten by all of angry Manuel's family?"

With his eyes shut tight, the rogue moaned over these sad thoughts. Through his chattering teeth he uttered prayer after prayer. He crossed himself and began to pray again, rolling his eyes upward as if in earnest.

In this fix, terrified, he heard steps approaching and then a soft, hoarse voice that whispered nervously: "What are you doing there, Brer Rabbit? They must have caught you stealing in someone's garden!"

Opening both eyes wide, the Rabbit exclaimed: "Oh! Brer Fox! Is it you, Brer Fox? You're a good friend, noble, strong, and valiant. Is it you, Brer Fox?" It cost him a tremendous effort to say this through a hole in the battered old basket.

And so it was, the scoundrel himself, his legitimate "brother."

"Yes, it's me," he replied. "But tell me, wretched one, why are you there? Who shut you up like that? What happened? Come, tell all!"

"That gangster Manuel wants me to be his son-in-law!" Brer Rabbit told him blithely. "He wants to make me marry his daughter Francisquita, and that's why he took me prisoner. As you can see, I'm helpless! Though she's very pretty, I like my Chabela more; besides, she is already my wife! Listen, Brer Antonio." This was the name of the rascally Fox. "You're so handsome. Don't you want to get married in my place to that lovely, rich, hard-working, appealing girl?"

"Heavens!" said the Fox. "If she is as you say, she's something! Well—— Heavens! I'm single and intelligent, I'm robust and strong; I have good claws and better teeth. Good heavens! Well, of course, I'll get married in your place. Though they may cut off my tail, or this might cost me my hide. I, the Fox, will marry Manuel's daughter."

"Bravo! This is the way I like 'brothers' to be!" Brer Rabbit replied, joyful and excited. "Then, let's not waste time, which is gold now, Brer Antonio. Manuel is coming with Panchita, your fiancée. Quick, quick, Brer Antonio!

Raise the basket and take my place so you'll be the fiancé, I mean the husband, of pretty Francisquita!"

"Splendid! I'm coming!" said the conniving Fox. With all his strength he lifted the basket, then darted under it.

TORIBIO CLAURE *is co-director of the Rural Division of the Inter-American Cooperative Education Service* (SCIDE) *in Bolivia. The fable he records, a popular one there, shows that the Fox and the Rabbit have international circulation in folklore.* ENRIQUE ZAVALETA B. *illustrates* SCIDE*'s educational materials.*

At the same time the Rabbit hopped out like an arrow shot into the air.

"Goodbye, Brer Fox! Goodbye, Brer Antonio! May you be happy at your wedding and have a good marriage!" shrieked the Rabbit as he gained his freedom. He scampered across the fields, saying to himself as he ran: "Little feet, how I love you!"

And Brer Fox? He was quite satisfied with his voluntary imprisonment. He smiled, eagerly awaiting the moment of his marriage to Francisquita.

His bright eyes gleamed, his whiskers quivered. With his ears perked up, he listened for the slightest noise.

"What a fool—that 'brother' of mine, the Rabbit! To turn down such a good match for a common rabbit-wife!" the Fox reasoned as he waited for the lady and the wedding.

After quite a while, the Fox overheard someone say: "Where should I put the stewpot, Papa?" And Brer Fox, there inside, licked his chops delightedly, saying to himself: "Oh, fine! The food is here! What a banquet they'll give me! How they'll regale me!" And, on his best behavior, he remained still and quiet.

"Juanito, get the Rabbit, very carefully, and bring him to me!" Manuel ordered, sharpening his knife as he approached the improvised cage.

"Papa! Papa! Look, Papa! Instead of the little Rabbit, there's an ugly animal in here!" cried Juan, despairing and confused.

"That thieving Rabbit has pulled another trick——" murmured Manuel, as he rose, infuriated, and leaped to the basket. Looking on top, in front, and behind, he instantly recognized the cowering animal.

"Aha! So this was the thief! Now we shall indeed have a party! Instead of a Rabbit, a miserable Rabbit, by a stroke of fortune from heaven we have here Brer Fox, the cunning Fox Antonio! Now this sheep stealer will pay for them all at once. Carefully, my children. This sly and crafty one, this shrewd and destructive one, will surely trick us if we don't keep an eye on him.

"Juanito, the shotgun! Run and bring it at once, loaded. Meanwhile, Francisquita," the old man said, "first we'll give him a good bath with that hot water, because this poor Fox is trembling with cold, clacking his teeth!" And he asked Brer Antonio: "Isn't that right, bandit Fox?" (But the truth of the matter was—as might be supposed—the water was just pleasantly warm.)

"No! With boiling water, no! Please, no!" The marriage-minded Fox, thinking the water was scalding hot, howled and groaned in supplication.

"I'm here to get married. That's why I'm here! Or don't you want me as a son-in-law instead of that knave of a Rabbit? If you don't like me, I'll leave," the Fox was saying as he jumped up and down. And he repeated, "If you don't like me, I'll leave! I have another girl friend, better——"

Manuel's family nearly died laughing at the flowery phrases of the enamored Antonio. "The sheep, the hens, the eggs, and the rabbits," he said, "the doves and the chickens of this whole neighborhood, which many people think I stole or gobbled up: I have them in my lair! Because I didn't eat them, never! I'll bring them all to my wedding feast. Everyone here will eat, drink, and dance, drink and sing, fa-la, fa-la, fa-la!" Actually, our poor Brer Fox had gone crazy.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! That's enough for now, you wily Fox. Shut your muzzle tight, because I'm going to baptize you with this divine bath!" Saying this, Manuel poured the water from the pot over the head, the neck, the body, the paws, and even the tail of the marriage-minded Fox.

"Wak! Wak! Wa-a-ak!" The Fox gave three loud cries and, somersaulting gracefully, stretched out full-length on the ground, his fur bristling, his teeth bared, and his tail stiff.

"Hum! That's that. Antonio seems to be dead. But do you believe it?" Manuel said doubtfully. "If he died of fright, let him cool off a little, and we'll skin him later." And they again put the big basket over him.

Manuel and his family chatted briefly about what happened and then went to have lunch.

Suddenly, the sneering Fox came to life. Little by little, he poked one paw under the edge of the basket, then another. He rested. Next his muzzle came out, then his neck. He pushed up and freed his shoulders, and in this way, gently, the Fox's whole body emerged, until finally his tail slipped out like pure silk.

Once free, he shook himself cautiously and walked off, slowly, step by step, through the ravines and gullies until he reached the land of complete liberty.

In the afternoon, at sunset, he entered his lair, curled up in a corner, and fell into a deep sleep. Between black nightmares he sighed and moaned, mumbling these words: "But that blustering Rabbit, that thieving Rabbit, will pay for this! If I catch him, I'll chew him up and swallow him!"

There in Manuel's house, a hubbub arose over the disappearance of the cunning Brer Fox. "What did I tell you? This had to happen! Juanito! It's your fault."

"No, it's not. It's Francisquita's."

"Why mine? It's my little dog's fault for not guarding him."

But the Fox? He got away. And Brer Rabbit? He did too. ♣

books

RECENT ARGENTINE LITERATURE

Reviewed by Bernardo Verbitsky

SETIEMBRE, by Carmen da Silva. Buenos Aires, Editorial Goyanarte, 1957. 128 p.

The case of Carmen da Silva is interesting. When this first novel appeared, it attracted widespread attention and even a good deal of conjecture as to the real identity of its author—the theory being that, since no one had ever heard of any novelist named Carmen da Silva and the book revealed considerable maturity, it must have been written under a pseudonym by somebody well known and experienced. But soon the truth had to be accepted: not only was *Setiembre* the work of a brand-new writer but of a Brazilian at that, who had lived in Buenos Aires for a mere eight years or so.

What makes this so striking is more than the obvious fact that it is usually difficult to express oneself in a language not one's own. In the instance of *Setiembre*, there is the added fact that it is written in authentic Buenos Aires argot, which the author uses familiarly and liberally in an almost incredible display of mastery. There is no denying a certain crudity in the result: though Miss da Silva writes as she does not out of affectation but because this is how the ordinary people of Buenos Aires—especially the men—actually speak, some readers have been scandalized. The idea of deliberate intention to shock can be discarded; Miss da Silva confesses that she is in love with our typical speech. And this form of love, like all others, works miracles. She does not go into the details of her apprenticeship, but they do not really matter.

The novel takes its title from the month in which the Perón government was overthrown, and the 1955 revolution serves as a backdrop to the events of the novel proper. The action alternates between a luxury hotel and a rather sordid boarding house where the most important characters live. The "most important," but they are not exactly heroes. On the contrary, all of them—men and women alike—illustrate varying degrees of frustration and defeat, both social and moral. Life has treated none of these people kindly, and the novel probes the pathetic choices offered by a dreary existence in which the human personality disintegrates day by day.

Another characteristic of *Setiembre* is that the author dispenses almost entirely with what might be called stage directions. She keeps her story moving constantly, not stopping even to indicate change of scene, which she leaves the reader to figure out for himself. The fact that this is not at all confusing, that the action is perfectly easy to follow, is another proof of Carmen da Silva's command of language. And if this implies a loose structure, it is not to be taken as precluding harmonious construction, for which the novel is especially notable.

MÁS ALLÁ DE LA CLÍNICA, by Osvaldo Loudet. Buenos Aires, Editorial Losada, 1958. 212 p.

There is considerable substance, both literary and human, in these eight biographies of Argentine doctors. The author tells us in his preface that the portraits are drawn largely from life—he knew most of the subjects personally. All were genuine masters of their science, and all were something more: as the title indicates, they went "beyond the clinic."

Despite many points of resemblance between them, particularly in their attitude toward their profession, they stand out as distinct figures. Loudet begins with Gregorio Araoz Alfaro (1870-1955), who systematized Argentine pediatrics and was the first professor of symptomatology in our Faculty of Medicine. "[In Araoz Alfaro's office at

the hospital] diagnosis and treatment were joined and illumined by a great love for the wretched sufferers," writes Loudet, thereby telling us something about himself also. To be sure, he believes in medicine as a science, but he understands that it must be humanized and that this is what makes it an art as well. Similarly, his respect for analyses, X rays, and other mechanized forms of evidence has not shaken his trust in the intuitive "clinical eye," the possessor of which is entitled to be called inspired. And he adds: "The authentic master [of any discipline] cannot help being a philosopher of his science."

From Araoz Alfaro, Loudet goes on to Pedro Belou (1884-1954), whom he calls the world's leading anatomist, describing the scholar, the artist, and the marvelously human personality that united these two elements; Emilio R. Coni (1855-1928), the country's first modern hygienist, who chose to doctor sick cities rather than sick individuals, organized the Buenos Aires welfare services, collected the first demographic data on the capital, and took a deep interest in the state of professional ethics; Daniel Cranwell (1870-1953), a surgeon who lived through all the epochs of his art, for when he began neither anesthesia nor antisepsis was known here; Enrique del Arca; David Prando, who wrote under the pseudonym "Doctor Surgeon"; Enrique Tornú, whose passionate dedication to medicine was cut short at the age of thirty-five. Finally, there is Francisco Sicardi (1856-1927), neighborhood practitioner, professor, and novelist (one of the first in Argentina), who is recalled in all his multifarious accomplishments, his rich personality, his tormented life.

Osvaldo Loudet has here revealed an aspect of our country's life that is little known even to Argentines. They may well take pride in our medicine, as exemplified in these men—not only in its progress, far from the great medical centers, but in its high principles. In a period when the sciences offer so many spectacles of men confronting their times without faith or belief, all doctors and medical students should read this book.

EL SAINETE CRIOLLO, selected and with an introduction by Tulio Carella. Buenos Aires, Editorial Hachette, 1957. 440 p.

Although it may be questioned whether this anthology of *sainetes* (a Spanish form of playet or short farce) belongs in a series with the general title "The Argentine Past," the idea of publishing the volume was an excellent one. Except for the first selection, an anonymous eighteenth-century work entitled *El Amor de la Estanciera* (The Ranch Girl's Love), the ten pieces span a period of no more than half a century, but together they provide a thorough survey of Buenos Aires life during those decades—the popular characters, the customs, and to an equal degree the language, by means of which one can date each item without ever having heard of its author. As varied in theme as in author, the selections include *Los Devotos* (The Pious Ones), by Nemesio Trejo; *Gabino el Mayoral* (Gabino the Foreman), by Enrique García Velloso; *Fumadas* (Puffs of Smoke), by Enrique Buttaro; *A Falta de Pan* (For Want of Bread), by Pedro E. Pico; *El Velorio del Angelito* (The Angel's Wake), by Carlos R. de Paoli; *El Debut de la Piba* (The Little Girl's Debut), by Roberto Cayol; *La Fonda del Pacarito* (The Tavern of the Little Bird), by Alberto Novión; *La Ribera* (The Shore), by Carlos Pacheco; *Entre Bueyes No Hay Cornadas* (Oxen Don't Lock Horns), by José González Castillo; *El Candidato del Pueblo* (The People's Choice), by José Antonio Saldías; *Tu Cuna Fué un Conventillo* (Your Cradle Was a Tenement), by Alberto Vacarezza; and *Babilonia*, by Armando Discépolo.

In his informative and enlightening introductory essay, Tulio Carella writes: "Collectively, the *sainete* sums up and interprets the destiny of the country and its people, social problems, ethnic complications, the historical past, social prejudices, and contemporary mores." This is certainly true. Though the *sainete* emphasizes the comic and the grotesque, at bottom it is a serious thing. It is the stuff of sociology, for what it reflects—though not without some distortion—is the life of the populace at large. In Argentina it represents the entrance of the masses into the field of art and coincides with the advent of populism in politics. Thus it is no wonder that it developed and culminated at the time of the rise of the Radical Party to power; that its brilliance sputtered out after 1930, when the fall of Hipólito Irigoyen was succeeded by years of something akin to fascism; and that it now seems to be experiencing a renaissance. (Of course, to complete the picture, there is still need for a study of the more perishable equivalents—castoffs, really—of the *sainete* provided tirelessly by the radio.)

Carella opens his introduction with this quatrain by Vacarezza:

Y el que se atreva a decir	And he who dares to say
que no hay arte en un sainete,	that there is no art in a *sainete*
no sabe donde se mete	doesn't know what he's getting into
ni por donde ha de salir.	or how he's going to get out of it.

The citation is opportune, as are most of Carella's observations.

CUENTOS DEL HOMBRE QUE DABA DE COMER A SU SOMBRA, by Leonidas Barletta. Buenos Aires, Editorial Futuro, 1957. 160 p.

Social militancy in literature takes many forms. When an outstanding novelist like J. B. Priestley preaches, the cause he is advocating is not a specific political credo but simple humanity. My reference to Priestley is not made arbitrarily, for there is a spiritual relationship be-

tween the author of *The Good Companions* and the author of *Cuentos del Hombre Que Daba de Comer a Su Sombra* (Stories of the Man Who Fed His Shadow). The stories in the present volume are not all equally good; what is important is the magnitude of the achievement in those that are most significant. A born storyteller, Barletta is also a mature one, and maturity in art implies youthfulness and abundance at one and the same time.

Barletta's identification with what has come to be called "humble destinies" was established long ago with *Los Pobres* (The Poor), and he continues to express his affinity with the common people, their lives, their dreams, their rebellions, their sufferings. In the best of these stories, the fine but clear line between sentiment and mere sentimentality is never crossed, but Barletta certainly does not shun emotion. It must be added that contrary to the platitude repeated from Paul Valéry, unsought emotion remains an artist's best attainment.

Barletta is also skillful at building a story, and he knows how to create balance by leavening tenderness with humor. Proof of this may be found in "El Ciervo [The Deer]," a model of the classic short story that has a plot with a beginning, a middle, and an end. Sadness is the dominant note in others, but of varying kinds, as shown by two such different stories as "La Flor Azteca [The Aztec Flower]" and "Nilda."

But the greatest merit of these and the other fully realized stories is their freedom—the imagination with which Barletta enriches his adherence to literary realism, an imagination that actually serves to make reality more surprising. The title story is a good example, but an even better one is "Palabras al Viento [Words on the Wind]," which is distinguished by a beautiful lyricism residing not only in the words but in the entire conception, the atmosphere, and the generous outlook that, in fact, is typical of the book. And in "Nidos [Nests]" Barletta demonstrates the economy with which he achieves his most convincing effects.

VOCES, by Antonio Porchia. Buenos Aires, Editorial Sudamericana, 1957. 104 p.

It is exactly ten years since Antonio Porchia published the first series of his original aphorisms. And nothing much happened. But quite a while later, to the vast surprise of all those compatriots who had never heard of him, the French writer Roger Caillois translated the series and, in an article titled "An Independent Mystic" that for the first time attracted some attention to Porchia, commented discerningly and understandingly on his qualities. The publication of these amplified *Voces* (Voices) promises to widen his audience further.

Porchia's aphorisms are highly personal in tone. He is actuated by no desire to be ingenious; his conciseness has nothing to do with such forms as the *greguería* of the Spaniard Ramón Gómez de la Serna or the epigrams of others. His writings reflect an attitude toward the world, one of entire lack of interest in the material and the immediate. Porchia constantly flings his lines into the infinite, which is his point of reference for discussing things of the earth and of the human character in particular. He speaks of himself, but what he says finds an instant echo in the reader—one measure of his art. And here the word "art" should be interpreted as excluding the idea of artifice, for all that guides Porchia is the search for truth, *his* truth. The beauty of his style comes from within, from the purity of his quest.

It is astonishing how precisely each aphorism places man in the cosmos, establishing his relationship with the absolute and thus his total responsibility, not to his petty everyday environment but to the universe. Porchia does not go astray in the vastness of metaphysics; he holds fast to this responsibility and to the remote but certain ethical perfectability of the individual.

ECHEVERRÍA Y LA DOCTRINA DE LA EDUCACIÓN POPULAR, by Juan Mantovani. Buenos Aires, Editorial Perrot, 1957. 56 p.

Esteban Echeverría (1805-1851) is one of those men of whom it may be said that only now is their true importance beginning to be appreciated. Professor Mantovani sums up this many-sided personality in the following words: "He was one of the boldest precursors of our political organization and a genuine orienter and reformer of our national culture in its early stages. He was the first to incorporate into our literature the landscape that surrounds us, and it was he who made the wilderness and the man of the pampa a subject for poetry; he sang also of the martyrs who gave their lives for freedom, and sought to attach our social customs and political institutions to the principles of democracy."

In this book, Professor Mantovani studies the role that the author of the famous *Dogma* assigned to educa-

tion in his grandiose plans to start up again, and complete, the process of change begun by the Revolution of May 1810 and later halted. He realized that the country was drifting back toward the situation that had existed during the colony, and believed that in order to get back on the right road it was necessary to change society by means of a new kind of education. Thus he anticipated Sarmiento and in more than one sense made the latter's achievements possible. Citing Echeverría's illustrious friend Juan María Gutiérrez, Mantovani emphasizes how humbly he devoted himself to carrying out his ideas. Though an eminent poet and thinker, "he gave all his powers to editing in simple prose the social credo that primary-school children should learn."

Such was the force of his faith. His whole conception of an authentically Argentine democracy was based on "leveling up."

LOS TESTIGOS, by Hellen Ferro. Buenos Aires, Editorial Goyanarte, 1958. 120 p.

This novel tells the story of a complex religious crisis. In the midst of the frightful death and devastation of the earthquake that actually occurred in the Argentine city of San Juan in 1944, the protagonist, a poet named Marcial Clarens, suddenly realizes that he believes and always has believed in God. That is, he recognizes the existence of a supreme being in the very situation that might cause his faith to vacillate, for it revives the old conflict between the Divinity and the fact of evil and cruelty on earth.

In 1755, when an earthquake destroyed Lisbon, the faith of many eminent Europeans also vacillated—their faith not only in God but in the mere possibility of any harmony in the universe. The catastrophe occurred under the worst possible circumstances, so to speak: it was All Saints' Day and most of the deaths took place in the thirty crowded churches of the Portuguese capital. Thousands upon thousands of human beings with their prayers on their lips perished in a few minutes. Yet Voltaire, who is considered *the* skeptic by definition, devoted a famous poem to the occasion in which, though starting off with the feelings such an event might logically be expected to arouse, he ends by deferring to the will of God:

> Humble in my sighs,
> Submissive in suffering.
> I do not rebel against Providence.

And he concludes the poem with these lines:

> Some day all will be well:
> This is our hope.

It would be interesting to know whether Hellen Ferro wished to re-create this example or whether he has cited it merely to reinforce the verisimilitude of his story.

Now that an Argentine writer has finally made use of this terrible episode in our history, one wonders why nobody else ever did so before. In any case, it is evoked in this novel with exceptional vigor; the scene in which the victims are publicly cremated is particularly difficult to forget.

To delineate his character Clarens, Ferro uses a technique reminiscent of *Rashomon*, though in the Japanese film what was seen in varying ways was an event and in the novel it is a personality. As a result of this technique, elements of a more purely novelistic nature alleviate the somewhat arid theme of religion.

But, as a Catholic novelist, Hellen Ferro has focused his work strictly on faith in the reality of God. His protagonist, unconsciously at first and then openly, feels the absolute to be the true axis of his life. From among many intelligent disquisitions on the nature of art and the writer's role, this sentence may be cited as unquestionably representing the author's view: "A [literary] work was essentially a prayer, a supplication lifted to God that, like prayers, consoled men because for a few seconds it brought them closer to Him."

The noted Argentine novelist Bernardo Verbitsky is AMÉRICAS' *literary correspondent in Buenos Aires.*

TOWER OF BABEL

ONE LANGUAGE FOR THE WORLD, by Mario A. Pei. New York, The Devin-Adair Company, 1958. 291 p. $5.00
Reviewed by David Heft

This book is an appeal for better international communication through the use of a common language—as an adjunct to established languages, of course—to meet the political, diplomatic, military, commercial, cultural, and scientific needs that have resulted from the growing interdependence among nations. The argument rests on the facts: a world of 2,796 natural tongues; the recognition, ever since pre-classical antiquity, of the value of a common language; about six hundred proposals, since the seventeenth century, of international languages, both natural and constructed, regional and universal; and young children's facility for languages.

Mario Pei has no axe to grind. He does not personally plead for the adoption of any particular language, whether a constructed one, like Esperanto or Interlingua, or a natural one, like English or Chinese. He proposes that an international linguistic commission of experts meet to make, discuss, and vote on nominations for the international language. After that, he advocates a period of training for those who are to teach this language, primarily in the lower grades; and, then, using the international language in at least the kindergartens of all countries.

This plan, conceived by one of the world's outstanding linguists and an eminently successful teacher, merits every support.

Letters

NAME CALLING

Dear Sirs:

In the October issue of AMÉRICAS, I happened upon the letter in which one Francisco F. Walter of Buenos Aires, Argentina, attacked our country's use of the title "United States of America."

I couldn't help laughing at the writer's reasoning "that there is not as yet such a political entity as the United States of America." This would come as a great surprise to many of our glorious dead who are presently resting in graves throughout the world. They gave their lives to the cause of freedom for pieces of ground and in defense of smaller countries as soldiers of the United States of America.

This name has identified our country for about two hundred years and many lives were sacrificed in order that we might use that name. There is no omission, as alleged by the writer. Rather it is a firm declaration on our part of the massive joining together of separate states inhabited by people from the four corners of the earth—men of every race and creed.

The writer would do better to channel some of his letter-writing energy away from picayunish attacks on the name of a great nation and into working toward the goal of a political entity such as the United States of the Americas—a body of nations such as he envisioned that would include North, South, and Central America.

There is no omission, Mr. Walter, there is only the cold fact that there is a United States of America. Forty-nine states united as one and dedicated to the preservation of our constitution and all it embodies.

John J. Plosay, Jr.
Captain, U.S. Army
Frankfurt, Germany

Dear Sirs:

This is how Esperantists solve the "America" confusion: the first five beginning letters of the term "United States of North America" are used to create the word *Usono*. An *o* replaces the final *a*, since all Esperanto nouns end with *-o*. The Esperanto word *Ameriko* (America) is variously applied, but to Esperantists in all countries *Usono* can only mean the land of Lincoln and Washington.

Adrian Hughes
Esperanto League for North America
Hillsboro, Oregon

BUSINESS ABROAD

Dear Sirs:

On October 6, the Pan American Association, Inc., of the Oakland–San Francisco area saluted the Kaiser Industries Corporation for its "practical Pan Americanism." Its policy with respect to private business abroad has been, in the words of its president, "a minority position on the part of the United States partner and a majority position on the part of stockholders of the country concerned." It has organized automobile-manufacturing factories in Argentina and Brazil and an assembly plant in Mexico as joint ventures with local interests.

The most impressive of these is Industrias Kaiser Argentina, at Córdoba. Each month, since beginning production two and a half years ago, it has turned out more than a thousand "Jeep" utility vehicles and "Carabela" passenger cars in this auto-starved country. In this thirty-million-dollar investment, Kaiser has held a minority interest from the start. Today it has but 32 per cent of the stock, and the rest is owned by the Argentine public and government. This pioneering in the manufacture of motor vehicles there provided jobs directly for the firm's own forty-eight hundred workers and indirectly for countless employees of the thousand Argentine firms that are supplying more than 80 per cent by weight of the car's requirements. The enormous success of the enterprise is illustrated by the fact that the company's stock has risen from 100 to 340 pesos on the Buenos Aires' exchange. Currently, the company is adding a two-million-dollar forge plant at Córdoba.

Other work is progressing in several other countries. In Paraguay, Kaiser Engineers International is building a multi-million-dollar potable-water-supply system for the capital, Asunción. The same firm is designing and constructing a concrete-pile-casting yard in Venezuela and has joined with other U.S. firms for the construction of the huge Três Marias dam in Brazil; Kaiser Engineers is also active as a consultant on other important projects in Venezuela and Argentina.

For the past eighteen years, the Pan American Association, Inc., has been dedicated to closer ties among the peoples of the Americas. Our membership of about two hundred is composed of people in all walks of life in this area. We felt that the Kaiser companies, with headquarters here in Oakland, are making a real contribution by joining hands with local interests in various Latin American countries to develop new industries and carry out large-scale construction work.

Walter G. Perker
President, Pan American Association, Inc.
San Francisco, California

CINVA-RAM

Dear Sirs:

I am interested in the address of the U.S. manufacturer or distributor of the Cinva-Ram (September issue), with a view to using the machine in Ozark County in Missouri.

Gladwyn H. Gold
Liberal, Missouri

We have received many requests for information on this subject. Since the rights for the manufacture and sale of Cinva-Ram are held by the Ibec Housing Corporation (a subsidiary of the International Basic Economy Corporation), all inquiries should be addressed to its Cinva-Ram Block Press Division at 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, New York.

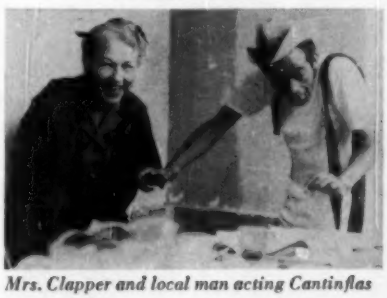
NO STRINGS ATTACHED

Dear Sirs:

On an inspection trip for CARE recently, I had the privilege of carrying some exciting news to the Lions Club of Colombia. For years they had worried about lack of schools, health conditions, and poor housing in the depressed areas of their country. Before I left Washington the Lions Clubs of the District of Columbia, Delaware, and Maryland informed us that they would raise funds for self-help in education, health, and housing for Colombians. Inspired by the U.S. demonstration of friendship, each Lions member in Bogotá pledged one or two days a week of manual labor to build schools in the poor sections of the city. One of the things these professional and business people of the community will be doing is making bricks out of earth, sand, and a bit of concrete with the Cinva-Ram portable building-block press invented by Raúl Ramírez, a Chilean engineer of the OAS Inter-American Housing Center in Bogotá.

Another thing I'd like to mention is in connection with San Mateo Atenco, Mexico. In a touching tribute to CARE, the Mayor said: "We thank you for your sewing machines and your technical equipment and the hope you bring us for bettering our material welfare. But what we most appreciate is your presence here with us, because this proves that yours is a gift of love and one without strings attached."

Mrs. Raymond Clapper
Director, Washington CARE Office
Washington, D.C.



Mrs. Clapper and local man acting Cantinflas

DISTAFF SIDE

Dear Sirs:

A short time ago Mrs. Graciela Quan, chairman of the Inter-American Commission of Women, visited Bolivia, giving our women an opportunity to become better acquainted with the work of the OAS.

AMÉRICAS serves to strengthen the intellectual ties between the countries of the Americas, but it seems to me . . . that it lacks something to complement its interesting articles: one page in every issue exclusively devoted to the feminist movement of the Hemisphere. . . . A voice of encouragement in this hour of change through which

the world is living would help women in the pursuit of their ideals. . . .

Fresia Carballo
La Paz, Bolivia

ECHOES

Dear Sirs:

I wish to offer my congratulations to AMÉRICAS for its absolute impartiality in dealing with the problems affecting our Hemisphere. . . .

Ernesto Aníbal Bilder
Bahía Blanca, Argentina

Dear Sirs:

. . . I read with great interest the article "O'Higgins Senior," by Enrique Bunster, in the September issue. As a Chilean, I wish to express my congratulations to the distinguished author and to your very good magazine.

Roberto Muñoz Labrador
Los Andes, Chile

Dear Sirs:

As a subscriber to your excellent magazine, I was very much interested and pleased to read the articles by Enrique Bunster on Bernardo O'Higgins and his father ["The Years of O'Higgins," June 1958; "O'Higgins Senior," September 1958]. Having recently spent three months in Santiago, I have come to appreciate Chile and the Chileans very, very much. . . .

Paul G. Bulger
Provost, Teachers College
Columbia University
New York, New York

Dear Sirs:

. . . Allow me to congratulate you for the article "ABC's on the Air," by Alberto Tardío Maida, in the July issue, which depicts the generosity of the teachers of Bolivia.

Pedro Cortez Bérquez
Valparaiso, Chile

Dear Sirs:

My only objection to AMÉRICAS is that it only has forty-four pages; it should have a hundred.

Dudley F. Wallace
St. Joseph, Michigan

Dear Sirs:

. . . I hope other countries will follow the example of the Chilean workers mentioned in Sergio Carvallo Hederra's article "Building Their Own" [August issue]. I also enjoyed the piece on the Uruguayan pediatrician Dr. Víctor Escardó y Anaya ["Children's Doctor"] and the work of the OAS Inter-American Child Institute.

Francisco Pintueles
Havana, Cuba

EXCHANGES

Dear Sirs:

. . . I should like to exchange books and correspond with readers in Haiti, Central America, Paraguay, Brazil, Peru, and Ecuador.

Luis C. Ponce
Avenida El Cortejo No. 74
Quinta Reina Nazarena
Urbanización Los Rosales
Caracas, Venezuela

Dear Sirs:

. . . Would any of your subscribers be interested in exchanging postcards?

Carlos Méndez Bianchi
Juan Paullier 2372
Montevideo, Uruguay

ANSWERS TO QUIZ **on page 45**

1. Governors Island. 2. Easter Island. 3. Isle of Pines. 4. Brocoió. 5. Lake Titicaca. 6. Haiti. 7. Robinson Crusoe. 8. English. 9. Pearls and fisheries. 10. Barbados.

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11 Drawing by Holbein at Windsor Castle—From *Siluetas Michoacanas*, by Rafael Aguayo Spencer
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MAIL BAG

The following correspondents seek pen pals throughout the Hemisphere. Readers requesting this service must apply individually, print their names and addresses, and be able to write in at least two of the OAS languages (English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French), shown below by initials; students should say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk.

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Santiago, Chile

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Nicanor Plaza 164, Sector 12 Aéreo
Santiago, Chile

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Sandra Snavely (E,S)—C
202 North Hall
Chico, California

César A. Fuentealba H. (E,S)*
Seminario No. 20, Dpto. 205
Santiago, Chile

María del Carmen Pérez (E,S, Guaraní)
Centro Cultural Paraguayo-Americano
España 494
Asunción, Paraguay

Norma Beatriz Abraham (E,S)—H
Berutti 553
Bahía Blanca, Argentina

María Gabriela Soto B. (E,S,P,F) —C
Sevilla 1781
Santiago, Chile

Lilia Vega Barrios (E,S,P,F)—C
Avenida Providencia 337, Dpto. 3
Santiago, Chile

The Organization of American States unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1890 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D.C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Aztec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere.

Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' ISLANDS?

Answers on page 40

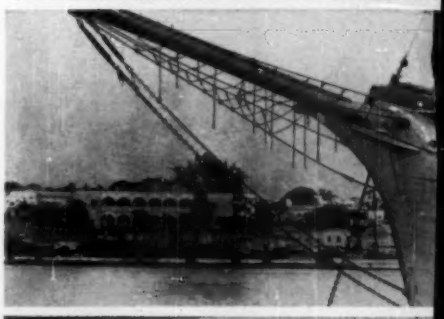
1 Which of these three islands lying in the harbor of New York City has been a U.S. Army headquarters for over one hundred and fifty years?

2 Famous for its strange stone monuments, carvings, and monoliths, this Pacific island, discovered by an English privateer, was called Rapa-Nui by its original inhabitants. What is its present name?

3 Enormous banyan trees abound on this Cuban island, which Columbus discovered and called Evangelista. Can you give its present name?

4 The official Brazilian Government guest house at Rio de Janeiro is located on this island in Guanabara Bay. Is it called Governors Island, Brocoió, or Paquetá?

5 Rich in Inca ruins, the Island of the Sun is between Peru and Bolivia in Lake ———, the world's highest navigable body of water. Fill in the space.



6 The Castle of Diego Columbus overlooks the Ozama River in Ciudad Trujillo, capital of the Dominican Republic. Which other Caribbean nation shares the island?

7 Cumberland Bay is on Más a Tierra in the Juan Fernández Islands, part of Valparaiso Province, Chile. What Daniel Defoe character is associated with this island?

8 The town of Guanaja (or Bonacca) is in the Bay Islands off the coast of Honduras. Would you say that most of its inhabitants speak Spanish, French, English, or Portuguese?

9 This native of Margarita Island, off Venezuela, is busy shelling oysters. Is the island famous for its gold and oil, diamonds and emeralds, or pearls and fisheries?

10 Bridgetown is the capital of a picturesque Caribbean resort island that recently became a member of the Federation of the West Indies. Is it Trinidad, Monserrat, or Barbados?

PAN AMERICAN UNION
Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A.

OFFICIAL BUSINESS